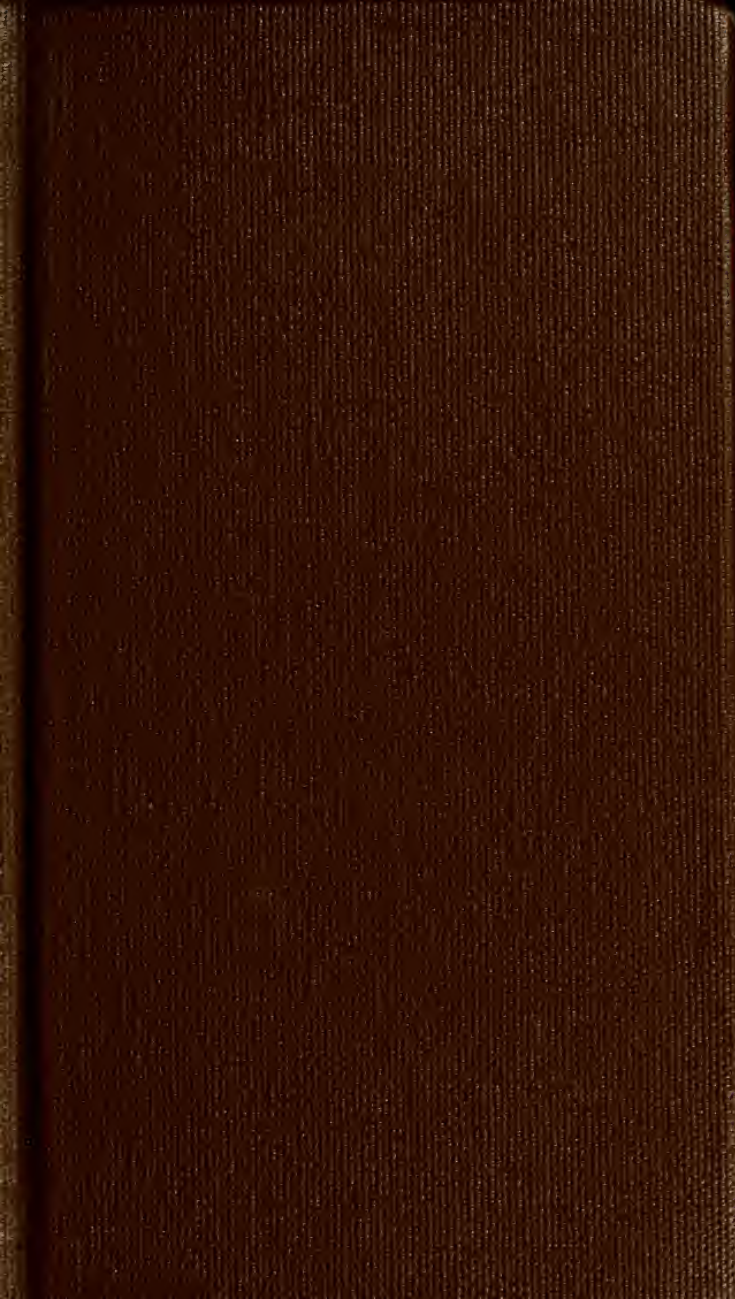




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BELMOUR:

A
NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON,

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1801.

Luke Hansard, Printer, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

THE HISTORY OF

THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND

OF IRELAND

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

1679

LONDON: Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1679.

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V. 2

BELMOUR:

A NOVEL.

CHAP. X.

LADY CAROLINE bore the journey but ill, and on their arrival at Falmouth complained of extreme fatigue and depression of spirits. Belmour, having placed her in the quietest apartment he could find at the inn, as it was then towards the close of the evening, walked out in order to make inquiries concern-

ing the packets, and to arrange every thing so as to render the voyage as little subject to inconvenience as possible for his sister, who, with difficulty, restrained even her fears on the occasion.

He learned that two packets were ready to sail immediately, and that they only waited for the wind, at that time unfavourable; that the cabins of one were already taken by different passengers; but that the other vessel was unoccupied, and wholly at his disposal. Belmour, having made his arrangements, was returning back to his sister, when, at a little distance, he thought he saw a figure, that was not unknown to him; but it being now dusk, he did not immediately recognize

the face: presently afterwards, drawing nearer, and the person pulling off his hat to him, he discovered it to be Derville. Not having the least expectation of meeting him at Falmouth, Belmour was a good deal surprized, and by no means agreeably. He had never been much acquainted with Derville, but thought him a coxcomb, and disliked him; and, though the circumstances relative to his former engagement to his sister had always been carefully kept from him, still he knew enough, to make him more than suspect, that she had suffered much from her attachment for him. The cold manner, in which Belmour returned his salute, by no means escaped Derville, but he affected not to perceive it; and, as it happened to suit

him, put on in return an air of easy familiarity: he had then been detained for above a week at Falmouth, where he had not yet met with a single acquaintance, or any thing that *he* called *human*, and was by that time a good deal tired of himself, and still more so of his wife; he was therefore glad to have his *ennui* relieved in any degree, he cared not by whom. After informing himself of the cause of Belmour's appearance at Falmouth, where he so little expected 'the good fortune of meeting him!' he, in return, told Belmour, that Mrs. Derville had been for some time unwell; and that Doctor Patchum had recommended Lisbon as affording the most likely chance for her recovery: but he did *not* tell him, that
the

the cause of this ready acquiescence on his part to a plan so little calculated, as he thought, for his own amusement, was owing to the circumstance of a rich relation of his wife's, from whom, in her right, he expected a considerable accession of fortune, and who, it was believed, was not likely to live long, having earnestly requested to see them. This relation, who had honourably acquired a considerable property by trade, and had resided for many years at Lisbon, having no nearer descendant than Mrs. Derville, it was naturally supposed, from this sort of summons, meant to make her his heiress; and to objects of interest Derville was by no means indifferent, however often he might appear unmindful of the future, when oc-

cupied in the pursuit of present gratifications.

Belmour, after taking leave of Derville, who lodged at a separate inn, deliberated with himself on his way home to his sister, whether or not he should mention having met with him: he feared the least agitation of mind in her present weak state, both of health and spirits, and, as Derville and his wife were not to sail in the same packet, he thought she might as well remain ignorant of a circumstance, which, he doubted not, would distress her, till she arrived at Lisbon. But, on his return, the first question Lady Caroline asked, was whom he had seen? On this Belmour thought it would seem affectation, not

not to mention Derville, and, in the end, distress her more. She made no remark in answer, and the room being nearly dark, imagined she had escaped any observation from her brother. The next morning the wind being still contrary, Lady Caroline said she required a little air, and proposed walking with her brother. As they came near the sea, and were continuing their walk along the harbour, Derville appeared just returning from the vessel, in which he was to embark, where he had been to view the accommodations. He instantly came up to Lady Caroline with an air of interest and seeming pleasure at thus unexpectedly meeting her, familiarly offering his arm for her to lean on, which she readily accepted; ‘two arms,’ said

he, 'are better than one.' Belmour, on whose arm she was at the moment leaning, frowned, but she was too much hurried and occupied at the moment to remark it. Derville and his wife, by Lady Caroline's invitation, passed the evening with her, and Belmour was forced, however reluctantly, to partake of this society.

Three days passed nearly in the same manner; when at length the wind proving fair, the two parties embarked in their separate vessels.

Belmour, as the ship quitted the harbour, cast a melancholy look towards the shore. He had for some time been standing on the deck, his arms folded
across

across his breast, lost in vague reverie ; at that instant the painful recollection of having quitted Miss Melville, probably for ever, rushed on his imagination : he fixed his eyes, with a sentiment of tender melancholy, on the parting coast, till it was lost to his view. Night soon afterwards came on, with a high and tempestuous, though not contrary wind, and a rough sea ; the same weather continued till the fourth day, when the wind lowered, and the sea became gradually calm and smooth : and on the seventh day from their sailing, the two packets entered the harbour of Lisbon. The extreme beauty of the scene charmed and delighted the elegant taste of Belmour :—Lady Caroline wholly occupied by the renewal of sentiments fatal to her

repose, which the unexpected meeting at Falmouth had occasioned, from the moment of their arrival, thought only of the means of seeing Derville—the considered herself as dying—pride and resentment vanished from her gentle bosom; she dignified the sensations of her heart with the name of friendship, and willingly suffered herself to be deluded by this specious error.—Circumstances, indeed, favoured the delusion. Derville himself, accustomed to please, careless by nature, and by habit unused to occupation, would, out of mere idleness, dawdle after any pursuit, which, even without occupying his senses, would employ his time; he therefore, on this occasion, where his vanity too found so much gratification, was forward in every expression of interest, and in those
atten-

attentions, which so naturally captivate the unwary mind of innocence and truth.

Mrs. Derville was a *fine lady*, without one grain of heart to *molest* her, but no fool; she was convinced, early after their marriage, that she was not to pretend to any place in her husband's heart or affections, and being moreover perfectly easy on the subject, fought only to make an indifferent and fretful temper, the seeds of which she plainly perceived in his disposition, subservient to her own views and pleasures. The first object of her care was, therefore, always to accommodate herself to any society he might prefer, in order that she might, unmolested, choose her own: at Lisbon,

of course, seeing which way the bent of his inclination lay, she made it her business, by every little art and attention in her power, to engage Lady Caroline in an intimacy with her; in which she easily succeeded; they shortly became inseparable, with the addition of a Mrs. Marsden to their society, a widow who had long resided at Lisbon. She was one of those *good sort* of women who never speak or think ill of others, but shut their eyes to vice or folly, wherever it appears, that they may not have the trouble of attempting to correct or avoid it. She wanted neither common sense nor common information; was blest with good health and good spirits, which none of the nicer feelings of a more delicate mind ever disturbed; and thus, always
cheerful,

cheerful, always obliging, and always willing to be pleased, she was eagerly sought after as an agreeable companion by those, into whose society she accidentally fell.

The mornings were past by Lady Caroline with these companions, accompanied constantly by Derville, and sometimes by other gentlemen, who occasionally joined their party, in drives and rambles, or sometimes excursions by water on the enchanting bay, to visit the surrounding coast, and view the city from the different points on the opposite hills, from which its beauty and magnificence appear most striking; and, in the evenings, the same company generally assembled at Lady Caroline's, whose

whose health obliged her to confine herself to the house after sun-set.

Mrs. Derville, who was what is called a pretty woman, and had great pretensions to please, had at first cast an eye towards Belmour: this she thought would have been a perfectly *good arrangement*, but his pre-occupied looks, distant civility, and decided melancholy, soon convinced her, that to make any thing of him, would take her much more time, than she had any probable chance of passing at Lisbon; and a genteel handsome young fidalgo*, who, under the pretence of teaching her Portuguese, was become her constant at-

A Portuguese nobleman.

tendant,

tendant, and was received familiarly into her house, appeared much better suited to her purpose.

Belmour, to whom the whole of this society was insupportable, was grieved and mortified to see his sister thus forgetful of herself, as it appeared to him; yet unable farther to remonstrate with her, since the gentle and affectionate hints he had given her, had been received by no means in a way to encourage any farther attempts on the subject; and her health but too visibly declining, made it impossible for him to risk any thing, that could even in the slightest degree distress or agitate her mind. He passed as little of his time as he could with them, except when he thought himself of use

to his sister. He even made a journey into Spain, in the course of nearly six months, which had now passed since his leaving England; beside frequent excursions to Cintra, where he had hired a small house, in one of the most beautiful situations of that romantic and singular place. There he passed whole days alone, sometimes rambling among the mountains, the craggy sides of which are partly covered with luxuriant evergreens, partly with majestic cork-trees, and varied in their fantastic forms—sometimes he would sit for hours pensively viewing the infinite beauty of the ocean in all its varied tints—then swiftly mount with agility to the very summit of the highest of the mountains, where still are to be seen the picturesque ruins of a moorish castle,
the

the last refuge whence that gallant people were driven by victorious Spain. ‘ Alas ! ’ would he exclaim, ‘ why is chivalry no more !—why are the genuine sentiments of the heart no longer ennobled by the imagination !—Have we gained by the change ? by circumscribing them within the narrow limits of cold calculation ? ’

One day after a solitary ramble of this sort, Belmour was returning to his cottage, when casting his eye accidentally along a sort of winding valley enclosed by mountains; the belfry of a church appeared, which till then had escaped his notice ; though he thought, that not a building, scarcely a single spot of that romantic place was unknown to him.

him. Thither he directed his steps—a green path, hedged closely on each side with lauristinus, myrtle, and orange-trees, led to a small church, placed on an eminence, to which he ascended by several flights of steps. On entering the door he judged it to belong to some convent of capuchins, from the simplicity of its appearance, as the severity of their order admits of no gilding, no metal, no ornaments; and the plain ungaudy altar, with its row of wooden candlesticks, was here adorned only by a picture of Velasques, which might indeed well have engaged the attention of a stranger; but at that moment the sensations of Belmour's mind were still more excited by the peculiar manner, in which the church was ornamented and enlivened by

by flowers.—Some *padre* fond of gardening, it appeared, had placed earthen pots with plants growing luxuriantly in them, not only in all the windows, but upon a sort of ledge, that went round the inside of the church. The colour of the earthen pots assimilated perfectly with the brown sobriety of the place, while the vivid and tender green of the plants they contained, many of which flaunted down the walls, seemed to prove the impossibility of rivalling the gay decorations of nature, and conveyed to the mind more agreeable, more graceful ideas of ornament, than could have been done by all the stucco, marble, or gilding in the world.

Belmour stood for some time reclined
against

against one of the piers of clustered columns, which supported the arched roof of the building—all was silent, and he thought himself alone; when turning his eyes towards the farther end of the church, he perceived a figure kneeling on the pavement—it was a friar—his body was bent forward, and his arms closely embraced a low monumental urn, on which his head rested—Belmour felt a secret awe at the appearance before him, mingled with surprize, and, scarcely venturing to breathe, remained rivetted to the spot where he stood.

Shortly afterwards the friar rose; he stood for some time before the urn, then, taking up a small basket in his hand, which was by him on the pavement, he

he walked slowly on towards the door, by which Belmour had entered. Before he had turned his head, Belmour had retired so as to conceal himself behind the pier, but at the same time to have a distinct view of him as he passed. It was a face of dignity and beauty; his figure was tall, and appeared graceful as he walked slowly by, his arms folded across his breast; he seemed to be about fifty, his countenance was composed, and bore rather the marks of habitual melancholy than recent grief. Belmour followed him, still unseen, to the door of the church; then, having seen him turn towards the gate of the monastery, he returned back into the church, and flew with impatient curiosity to the monument, which the friar had just quitted.—It was recently

recently strewed with fresh flowers—the urn was of fine gray marble, its form simple and elegant; no other inscription than these few words on the urn, ‘*Rosauræ*’ ‘*Sacer,*’ then followed ‘*posuit,*’ and only some initials. Belmour, as he contemplated the monument, felt a tear steal down his cheek.—‘Death here,’ said he to himself, ‘has surely been accompanied by some unusually aggravating circumstance;’—at the moment a distant sound of voices chanting a requiem, struck his ear, and he soon perceived the monks advancing two by two from behind the altar to their places in the choir.—He returned to his cottage, his mind deeply impressed with the scene, to which he had just been witness: he regretted being obliged to return the next day

day to Lisbon, and longed to inquire further after the friar and the monument, which inspired him with so much interest: but he had promised his sister, to see her again on that day, and indeed having of late thought her more unwell and more depressed than usual, his own anxiety made him desirous of returning to her.

When he got to Lisbon, he found, that several mails long due were arrived by the packet—In them were some letters from his principal steward, who, by chance an honest man, earnestly requested his presence for the settlement of various concerns relative to his estates, which his short residence in England after his father's death had hitherto prevented ;
and,

and, among other articles of private and public intelligence, his sister informed him, that she had received letters from Lady Clementina, announcing her intended marriage shortly to take place with young Melford.—Lady Caroline as she spoke looked at her brother with a kind of half reproach on her countenance, which plainly said, ‘ You might ‘ have prevented this:’—but Belmour heeded her not—he felt a relief from the circumstance, which by no means sympathized with his sister’s ideas—the conversation on that subject soon ended between them, and Lady Caroline then, with some hesitations, said, ‘ But my ‘ dear brother, I am sure you ought to ‘ go to England; you left every thing ‘ unsettled, and by what Barnard tells ‘ me——’

‘ me——’ ‘ My dearest sister,’ interrupted Belmour, with the most affectionate expression of kindness, ‘ I shall not leave you : my going to England is, believe me, immaterial ; a mere matter of form, and six months or a year will make no difference ; whatever good Barnard, our steward, may say, I beg you would not ever mention it again.’

‘ But, my dear brother,’ said Lady Caroline colouring, ‘ I have a little plan that——’ at the instant in burst Mrs. Marsden—‘ Well, my dear, have you told Lord Belmour our scheme ? he must approve, I am sure—nothing so good as change of air — and then, you know, he may do just what he likes ;

‘ we can take care of you ; and we will
‘ not delay setting out, lest the weather
‘ should grow too hot, which I am sure
‘ it is not now, for nothing ever was so
‘ delightful—then we will all set out
‘ together, travel through Spain, sail
‘ from the most convenient port to Italy,
‘ see Rome, and pass the winter at
‘ Naples ; and as you are to be under
‘ my particular care,’ continued Mrs.
Marfden, taking Lady Caroline’s hand,
‘ should Mr. and Mrs. Derville travel
‘ too fast for you, you know I am always
‘ to be commanded by you, and at your
‘ devotion—never was so good a plan !
‘ I have always died to see Italy—and
‘ to travel in such society!—nothing
‘ ever was so delightful !’

Belmour was all astonishment—he had not imagined, that his sister was in a state to venture undertaking a journey even of fifty miles; but all he found had actually been arranged during his short absence at Cintra. Yet, although the plan perfectly suited his own convenience and disposition of mind at the moment, he felt inexpressibly chagrined and vexed at the part he saw his imprudent and unwary sister was acting—but how effectually to remonstrate he knew not. Lady Caroline was of an age, to judge and to decide for herself; and moreover, though one of the gentlest of beings, she was not on all subjects easy of control. All that Belmour could do, and on what he absolutely insisted was, that he should settle every thing

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for

for her as to the arrangement of her journey, which he did in a manner that made her wholly independant of the Dervilles. Mrs. Marsden was to accompany her, and a phyfician, whom Belmour had brought with him from England to attend her; a fenfible and intelligent man, who had travelled over moft parts of Europe, and was thoroughly acquainted both with Spain and Italy. Thus with the addition of couriers, proper fervants, and her own feperate carriages, nothing could oblige Lady Caroline to depart in the flighteft degree from what beft fuitied her own convenience on the road; and Belmour, making the extreme delicacy of her health a pretext, earneftly entreated of her to travel feparately with Mrs. Marf-

den and her own suite, and meet her other friends only at the different towns, where they might stop for some days. This was in part promised; for ashamed of the weakness of her own conduct, and awed by the well-known rectitude of her brother's mind, Lady Caroline avoided as much as possible all discussions on the subject.

The real origin of this whole plan was Derville's growing tired of Lisbon. Mrs. Derville's relation had finally settled every thing on her and her husband, and being likely to linger, perhaps for a considerable time, Derville, who had never seen Italy, thought it a good opportunity to make the tour of that coun-

try; particularly as his extravagance had made his living in England just then not so agreeable to him, as he expected to find it, when in possession of the future increase of property, to which he now looked with certainty.

In a little more than a fortnight every thing was in readiness for the journey.

Belmour was much affected at parting with his sister, who, when she received his last embrace, was drowned in tears; and at the moment wished she never had consented, thus voluntarily to quit such a protector: but the die was cast.

Belmour had accompanied his sister
across

across the harbour to Adeya-Galega* : when he returned, the evening was calm and serene, the sun-beams still played on the surface of the water, and no sound met his ear but that of the oars, as the boat glided gently along—the quiet stillness, that reigned, well suited the melancholy train of meditation, into which he had fallen—he had determined before he returned to England again to visit Cintra; and the idea of the friar contributed not a little to confirm this resolution—his fine dignified figure often presented itself to his imagination, and the deep melancholy of his countenance, together with the singularity of the at-

* A small village, where passengers land, after crossing the harbour in their way to Spain.

tendant circumstances, excited an interest in his breast, beyond that which mere curiosity could inspire.

Having nothing that detained him at Lisbon, Belmour went the very next day to Cintra, and that evening walked to the church, where he had seen the friar—He appeared not—another of the brothers was saying mass at one of the altars: and after having walked round the church, and again read the inscription on the urn, Belmour retired. The next day, however, he was more fortunate; on his way to the church he saw the friar just coming out of the door; quickening his pace he soon came up to him, as he was turning to go towards the monastery. After accosting him with a ‘*Salve Do-*
mine,’

'*mine,*' he walked on by his side, and presently asked him in Portuguese (in which language he had during his stay in Portugal made no small proficiency) if, without being troublesome, he might accompany him on his walk, at least to the gate of his monastery. The friar raised his eyes, which were fixed pensively on the ground as he walked along, and turning them towards Belmour with a placid look of inquiry, as if somewhat surprized at the proposal, bowed assent, and they walked on together.

A short silence ensued—the friar then, with that ease which rarely belongs to any but persons of the world, asked Belmour a few questions concerning his coming to Portugal, seeing, as he said,

that he was a stranger : but it seemed more from civility, and not wholly to avoid entering into conversation with him, than from curiosity ; by the time, however, that they had reached the gate of the monastery, the tone of Belmour's voice, the unaffected mildness of his manner, and the melancholy of his countenance, had so far created an interest in the breast of the friar, that he wished at least for a less abrupt parting—he turned—hesitated—and after heaving a deep sigh, gently smiling, said, ‘ If the
‘ melancholy of these walls does not
‘ disgust you, perhaps you will deign
‘ to rest awhile in my cell ; a few dried
‘ fruits and a bit of bread are indeed all I
‘ have to offer, but you will favour me
‘ by the acceptance : and,’ added he,
‘ if

‘ if you be curious in objects of anti-
‘ quity, this building may deserve your
‘ attention. The monastery you now
‘ see,’ continued he, pointing to its
mouldering walls half covered with ivy,
‘ is but a poor remnant of former mag-
‘ nificence, and must, by the ruins still
‘ to be seen, have been at an earlier
‘ period of time very considerable ; it
‘ is said too that the original monastery,
‘ dedicated to the order of St. Benedict,
‘ was built on the site of an ancient
‘ pagan temple, which I am led to be-
‘ lieve from several broken columns,
‘ and fragments of sculpture, not gothic,
‘ which I have here and there traced not
‘ far from the place, half sunk in the
‘ ground and covered with plants—But
‘ the sun is already high—you will be

‘cooler within;’ saying this he led Belmour into a beautiful cloister of the purest gothic architecture, which surrounded an open court, planted with orange and citron trees; in the middle was a fountain of limpid water, with every where a profusion of the finest flowers. ‘These beautiful flowers,’ said Belmour, ‘I believe, father, you make your particular care, for even with the luxuriant growth of this climate, I have yet seen none so fine.’ ‘*My care!*’ said the friar, fixing his eyes on Belmour with a look of questioning penetration—‘never, my son, surely till now have I seen you, nor can you know ought of me—’ ‘Pardon me,’ resumed Belmour, instantly aware of having said more than he

he intended, ‘ you have indeed never seen *me* till now, but——’ here they were interrupted by some of the friars coming by; on which the friar bowing, made a sign to Belmour to follow him. They passed on through a small door into a long dark passage, on one side of which were the cells of the friars, each separate, their size not ten feet square, a bench on which a mat was stretched, (their only bed) a table, and a lamp, and crucifix, were all the furniture they contained: in that which they entered indeed, there was the addition of a shelf, which contained some books; ‘ and is ‘ this damp cell your habitation?’ said Belmour, with an expression of compassion—‘ Our order is severe,’ replied the friar, ‘ but of that I complain not.’

They

They were no sooner seated, but the friar, who had been struck with Belmour's exclamation on seeing the flowers, seemed desirous to know whether it were accidental, and without further meaning, or whether by any chance he really knew more concerning him.

Belmour ingenuously related to him all that had pass'd; begging his forgiveness for what, he said, he feared must seem unwarrantable curiosity; 'but,' said he, 'the interest excited in my breast by the scene, to which I was accidentally a witness, believe me, father, deserves a better name.'

'Strange,' said the friar after a few minutes pause, 'that a silence nearly of
' thirty

‘ thirty years should be thus broken !
‘ that to you, an utter stranger, I should
‘ relate what I have never once been
‘ tempted to utter, since these walls first
‘ became my sad refuge—but no mat-
‘ ter,’ said he, laying his hand on Bel-
mour’s, which he gently pressed—‘ some-
‘ thing of sympathy—something, my
‘ son, there is between us, which it
‘ would be even painful to me to resist,
‘ and my story may be remembered by
‘ you as a warning against that fatal
‘ error, worldly and inconsiderate pride.’

‘ My name,’ continued he, ‘ is imma-
‘ terial, suffice it to you to know, that it
‘ is among the first in Spain. After the
‘ death of my beloved mother, whom
‘ fate cruelly snatched from me ; my
‘ father,

‘ father, incited by the jealous and turbulent spirit of a second wife, with whom he was passionately in love, shortly after their marriage withdrew all his former fondness from me ; and, as it was given out, for the advantage of my education ; but, in fact, wishing to remove me from his presence, sent me, accompanied by a governor, to Lisbon ; where at that time some of our family had retired, being under a temporary banishment from our court. There, among various other acquaintance, I made that of a worthy merchant, whose house was ever open to me, who treated me with parental kindness ; I, in return—’ here his breast heaved, and his countenance was disordered ; recovering himself, he continued,

tinued, ‘I, in return, planted a dagger in
‘ his bosom. He had one only daugh-
‘ ter, beautiful as an angel, fresh as the
‘ new-blown rose—she was thoughtless,
‘ gay, and happy—the love she inspired
‘ me with, she participated with all the
‘ innocence of pure affection; and,
‘ judging *my* passion by her own, she
‘ never doubted, but that we were to be
‘ united by sacred and indissoluble bands
‘ —Educated in innocence, and ignorant
‘ of the prejudices of a bad world, she
‘ never dreamed of doubts or obstacles
‘ to our future union. I was, she saw,
‘ approved of by her father; and to him
‘ she had ever looked, not only as to the
‘ most kind and virtuous of men, but
‘ as to the most honoured. With dif-
‘ ficulty could I restrain her, by a thou-
‘ sand

‘ sand falsehoods and artful subterfuges,
‘ from openly avowing the innocent
‘ sentiments of her heart : I, on the con-
‘ trary, was born in a corrupt court, and
‘ early initiated in vice. My young
‘ companions were men of profligate
‘ manners, who laughed at all morali-
‘ ty, and, too fatally for me, succeeded
‘ in stifling those seeds of virtue, im-
‘ planted in my breast by the divine
‘ hand of our Maker, and so difficult
‘ wholly to eradicate. I had, as I said,
‘ succeeded in persuading her, that for
‘ reasons, which I should afterwards ex-
‘ plain, our mutual sentiments must,
‘ for the present, remain secret ; though
‘ what were really my views I had
‘ never dared to ask myself ; when I
‘ unexpectedly received letters from my
‘ father,

‘ father, by which I learned, that a marriage was on treaty for me with a lady
‘ nearly allied to the blood royal, famous for her beauty and accomplishments ; and, though indifferent to his
‘ son, my father was, through pride and vanity, anxious for the honour of his
‘ house, and the manifold advantages he forefaw might accrue to it from this
‘ connection : he therefore desired my immediate presence at Madrid. Stunned as I was at this most unforeseen
‘ event ; and in despair at leaving my Rosaura, I dared not venture to withstand my father’s positive command.
‘ Taking therefore a hasty leave of all I loved, under the pretext of sudden
‘ business, (for I told her not the true cause of my departure) I left Lisbon,
‘ uncer-

‘ uncertain of my own future determina-
‘ tions—but to be brief—on my arrival
‘ at Madrid, assailed on every side by
‘ objects too powerful for my pride and
‘ vanity to withstand, I, for a while,
‘ forgot all that I had left behind me.
‘ Rosaura, after writing less frequently,
‘ had for some time omitted to write at
‘ all; this I interpreted into indiffer-
‘ ence; yet the latent flame, which still re-
‘ mained in my bosom, roused by her sup-
‘ posed neglect, recalled her dear image
‘ with double force to my imagination:
‘ when a sudden change of ministry tak-
‘ ing place at the court of Madrid, my
‘ marriage, which had never been finally
‘ settled, was abruptly broken off. I felt
‘ a sincere joy, which I scarcely could
‘ conceal from my father when he an-
‘ nounced

‘ nounced the news to me; and, having
‘ obtained his permission, flew back with
‘ rapture and impatience to Lisbon. I
‘ hurried to the house of my old friend,
‘ determined to throw myself at his feet,
‘ confess my former errors, and formally,
‘ at all hazards, ask his lovely
‘ daughter in marriage—too late, alas!
‘ —I found, to my surprize, the house
‘ shut up, and was told, that he had left
‘ Lisbon some time since, in grief on his
‘ daughter’s retiring, no one knew why,
‘ suddenly to a convent, with a determination
‘ to take the veil, in spite of all
‘ his entreaties to the contrary. During
‘ this affecting relation, I endeavoured
‘ to restrain my emotions: Rosa could not yet, I knew, have
‘ taken the last vows, and still I hoped.
‘ I waited

‘ I waited not for the delay of sending a
‘ messenger, but immediately set out
‘ myself in search of her: in my way
‘ to the convent (distant but a little
‘ from this monastery) as I passed the
‘ church, a melancholy bell was tolling;
‘ I continued but for a few paces,
‘ when a sudden and involuntary im-
‘ pulse made me return, and enter the
‘ church—need I proceed?—my life!
‘ my joy! my every thing! was then a
‘ clay-cold corse!—I was her murderer!
‘ —a sudden and fullen grief took pos-
‘ session of my soul—without a tear I
‘ then saw buried those dear remains,
‘ over which my eyes have since shed
‘ torrents—but that time is passed—I
‘ am composed,’ said he, holding his
hand awhile closely pressed over his fore-
head—

head—‘ you will guess the rest—the
‘ world was lost to me ; and having ob-
‘ tained leave of the superior to raise
‘ the small cenotaph you saw (as I pre-
‘ tended to the memory of a beloved
‘ sister) in this mansion I took refuge—
‘ would it could have been from my-
‘ self!—but the divine will be done,’
said he, devoutly raising his eyes to
Heaven. ‘ That I was the murderer
‘ of my Rosaura,’ continued he, ‘ I can
‘ have no doubt. It happened some
‘ time after I had professed, that I was
‘ called to confess one of the nuns of
‘ the neighbouring convent, to which
‘ Rosaura had retired, who, after en-
‘ larging on many trifling errors,
‘ which her timid imagination estimated
‘ as sins, told me, that it weighed
‘ heavily

‘ heavily on her mind, that a letter,
‘ given to her in secret by a dying
‘ faint (so she termed my Rosaura) had
‘ never been delivered to the person,
‘ to whom it was addressed, through
‘ fear, she said, of the superior. She
‘ knew me not, for here to all I am
‘ unknown; and when I sent my re-
‘ nunciation to my father of all my pa-
‘ ternal rights, in favour of my half-
‘ brother, which he not unwillingly re-
‘ ceived, only reserving to myself a
‘ donation to this monastery, I kept the
‘ place of my retirement concealed
‘ from him, nor do I believe he has
‘ since ever wished to discover it.—
‘ Stifling my extreme emotion, I took
‘ charge of the letter—to me, I need not
‘ say, that it was addressed—what were
‘ my

‘ my feelings, when, on reading the
‘ gentle dictates of my lost Rosaura, I
‘ was told, without reproach, that my in-
‘ constancy had hastened her fate ! She
‘ forgave, and blessed me ! — oh ! tor-
‘ ture of the mind — recollection which
‘ ages cannot obliterate ! — for,’ added
he, ‘ the ever-blooming image of my
‘ Rosaura fades not before me — still is
‘ that image present to my fancy. — Had
‘ she lived, time might have effaced, in
‘ part, those outward charms, at least,
‘ which captivate the senses ; but my
‘ regret is equalled only by my peni-
‘ tence : silence and solitude have,
‘ however, composed my distracted
‘ mind. The cultivation of flowers,
‘ once the innocent delight of Ro-
‘ saura, forms my recreation — ought

‘ I to complain ? — oh ! no, I praise a
‘ merciful God, for having allowed me
‘ time for penance ; and hope, finally,
to rest in peace. All of my sad story,
I think, my son, is sufficiently explained.—Forgive me if I have dwelt too
‘ long on past remembrances—fare-
‘ well, for I hear the bell, which summons us to prayers—I must attend—
‘ let me again see you before you leave
‘ this country, before we part, I fear,
‘ for ever !’ saying these words he hurried out of the cell, and hastening with Belmour to the outward gate, bade him adieu.

Belmour walked pensively from the monastery, his mind entirely occupied by what he had heard ; he was touched
beyond

beyond measure at the story of the friar, and the sufferings of a passionate lover were rendered but the more affecting, by the composed dignity with which they were related.

Nothing now detained Belmour in Portugal, but the expectation of letters from his sister; as he wished to know, before he left Lisbon, how she had supported the first part of her journey. Soon afterwards he heard of her having reached Madrid, where the whole party proposed passing some weeks. Lady Caroline wrote in spirits, although the account from the physician was less favourable than her own: on Belmour's part, however, nothing further could be done; he therefore secured a passage

‘ make this parting less painful.’ The friar, shaking his head with the most touching expression of settled melancholy on his countenance, replied,—‘ I will not deceive you—you will hear no more of me—to silence and oblivion my life has now long been devoted ; nor, I confess it, would I venture to engage my sad heart in any new interest on earth—No!—buried in the tomb of my Rosaura are all my hopes, thoughts, and wishes ; and when I strew her monument with flowers, the solemn purpose must be still performed by an undivided mind :—forgive me,’ said he, ‘ and know my son, that ’tis not in these deep solitudes, as in the vortex of the world, where, excited by passion ever changing its objects, hopes, fears, and interests ra-

‘pidly succeed each other in the breast,
‘and often, like the waves of the ocean
‘passing over the sandy beach, leave no
‘lasting impression behind.—All here
‘is serious: strong feelings govern and
‘occupy the mind, or apathy prevails.
‘—Still I would be remembered by
‘you—’ (an involuntary tear here
started in his eye) ‘you will not be for-
‘gotten in my prisons—farewel!’ said
he mournfully, as he folded Belmour in
his arms—‘farewel, and take my bles-
‘sing.’ He stood at the gate of the
monastery, where they had parted, fol-
lowing Belmour with his eyes, and often,
as he saw him look back, waving his
hand, till intercepted by the trees; as
Belmour entered the path which led
from the church, he lost sight of him
for ever.

CHAP. XI.

A FEW days after Belmour had taken leave of the friar, he quitted Lisbon, and embarked for England. Twelve days sail, in the most prosperous weather, brought him to Falmouth.

He felt not that joy, which should have accompanied him, on his return to his native land, where every advantage fortune could bestow was showered upon his head. When he reached Belmour Castle, however, the seat of his ancestors, he experienced a sensation of unspeakable pleasure at the natural expressions

pressions of satisfaction and joy, which his presence occasioned among all those, by whom he was surrounded ;—he felt they were sincere—felt that he deserved them.—His pride was of that genuine, noble nature, which secures respect from man to man, in whatever situation or rank of life he may be placed ; added to this, his benevolence and generosity, with the polished gentleness of his manners, had ever made him adored by his father's tenants, domestics, and by all the surrounding inhabitants of the country, and his return was looked to, as the promise of every good : but when he turned his thoughts inwardly to his own susceptible heart, he there felt only a melancholy blank—felt himself alone in the world. ‘ Is this happiness ? ’ cried he,

he,—‘ alas ! alas ! to others, indeed, I
‘ may, in some measure, be the means
‘ of dispensing it—but to myself !——’

Occupied with these reflections he had
been for some time walking to and fro in
the gallery of the castle, when, throwing
himself on a sofa, his eyes met a por-
trait of his sister.—It was herself as once
he remembered her smiling in all the
bloom of health.—‘ Poor sister !’ ex-
claimed he, ‘ how art thou changed !

‘ now perhaps no more ! and what
‘ real interest remains to me on earth ?’

His eyes continued fixed on the portrait,
till they were dimmed by tears—‘ but,’
continued he, as he passed his handker-
chief across his eyes, ‘ why should I not
‘ endeavour at least to seek relief from
‘ the activity of my own mind, and,

‘ if possible, avert this baneful apathy,
‘ an evil hardly less pernicious than un-
‘ governable passion?’

The advice which the friar had given him, and earnestly and solemnly repeated, against worldly pride and prejudice, had made a deep impression on his mind.

‘ Vain world,’ cried he, ‘ what indeed art thou and all thy charms,
‘ when compared with the only earthly
‘ happiness worth seeking—the union
‘ of two hearts mutually blessing each
‘ other?—I have too long delayed this
‘ search, too long trifled with feelings I
‘ can never obliterate.’

To all ideas of happiness, the image of Miss Melville had, since first Belmour saw her, been constantly united in his imagination, and no obstacle now seemed to oppose his researches after her; as the marriage of lady Clementina had relieved him from the painful dilemma, either of counteracting his dying father's last request, or uniting himself to a woman, for whom, with all her charms, he felt only indifference. Full of the determination of satisfying his mind as to Miss Melville, Belmour gave notice, that he should shortly set out for London; where, indeed, it might naturally be supposed, after so long an absence, and the circumstances under which he left England, that he had business.

Determined as he was in his intentions, the means of discovering Miss Melville's retreat were not easy: he turned a thousand projects in his head, which were dismissed almost as soon as formed.—From the rector nothing was to be learned; he, Belmour found, had not heard from Dr. Stanmore (the only source of intelligence) since Miss Melville's departure; and Belmour was moreover cautious in his inquiries of him, as fools are ever curious, and he wished to avoid the suspicion of any particular interest on the subject.

Belmour, though anxious to get to town, on his arrival there found himself no nearer any intelligence on the subject of Miss Melville than before. Doctor
Stanmore

Stanmore he considered as his last resource; for having no acquaintance with him, inquiries, the result of which were uncertain, might, he feared, appear impertinent: on this measure, however, he had in a manner determined; and some unavoidable law business, relating to the settlement of his father's affairs, now alone detained him in town. His mind was in a state to make the society of indifferent persons rather a pain than an amusement, he therefore rejoiced at finding scarcely any of his acquaintance in town, knowing that the consequence of meeting them must unavoidably be numberless invitations, which he felt in no way disposed to accept. In this disposition of mind, he had one evening strolled out early after a solitary dinner,

not

not knowing in the least whither he was going, merely to dissipate for awhile the melancholy of his reflections ; when happening to pass the theatre in the Haymarket, the first night of a new play, he found himself suddenly involved in the crowd, and forced near one of the doors. Naturally fond of theatrical entertainments, it immediately occurred to him, that he could not at that moment do better than, without resistance, follow the stream. The door of the theatre, by which Belmour had entered, led to the pit ; he there found all the seats occupied, and therefore stood for some time surrounded by others in the same situation, who could not find better places, attentively occupied by the performance. The first
act

act over, on turning his head he perceived close by his side the very person, whom he had seen in the garden with Miss Melville, when he went from the inn at Staines with an intention of visiting her. The person happening to turn his head at the same moment, his eyes met Belmour's; he bowed slightly, and then immediately looked another way. Belmour, after taking a few minutes to recover from the surprize of this unexpected meeting, with his usual politeness of manner, begged leave to ask him after Miss Melville's health, and where she was. The man, with a look of some astonishment, and a half sneer, replied, '*Miss Melville*, sir, is, I believe, at her house in Portland Place.' There was something so rude

rude and forbidding in the looks and manner of the person who spoke, that Belmour did not feel tempted to renew any further conversation with him—and, indeed, all he wished to know seemed to be comprized in the few words he had already heard—he could now no longer fix his attention to the performance, and as it also occurred to him, that he might be seen by some of his acquaintance, which he wished to avoid, he quitted the theatre.

The joy and relief which Belmour felt from this unexpected information, mixed at the same time with a thousand doubts and fears, wholly occupied his mind. When he left the theatre, he was irresistibly led to Portland Place—

It

It was not, he thought, a proper hour to make a visit, but he wished to assure himself, that in reality Miss Melville had a house there; that there was no mistake. As he walked along the broad pavement, meaning to make his inquiries, a bright enamelled plate on the door of one of the most considerable of the houses, with *Miss Melville* in large letters on it, struck his eye.—He stopped; at the moment a carriage drove up to the door, which was, on knocking, instantly opened by a porter, dressed in a handsome livery, and several other servants appeared in waiting.—This is indeed a change of circumstances! said Belmour to himself: some event, he doubted not, had placed her in a situation better suited to

to her merit, than that in which he had seen her.—He now felt dissatisfied with himself, for thus having delayed to express the sentiments of his heart, till they no longer might carry with them that undeniable certainty of disinterested attachment, which could not have been mistaken, had he addressed her in the humble station, in which he first saw her placed. He however flattered himself, that, in time, the circumstances, which had occasioned his silence, might be explained; and, occupied with these ideas, he passed the night in forming a thousand plans, which the following day might authorize, or for ever destroy.

The

The next morning, at the earliest hour at which he thought a visit admissible, with a note ready prepared in his hand, to ask admission for some other time, in case she should not be at home, Belmour, with a beating heart, stepped into his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Miss Melville's in Portland Place.—On his arrival at the door, there was a demur, as it seemed, whether or not he was to be admitted: but his card having been carried in, the doors were instantly opened, and he was conducted up stairs, and through a large apartment. As he entered the last room, the groom of the chambers, who had ushered him in, bowed respectfully, and said that Miss Melville would wait on his lordship

ship immediately. Nearly a quarter of an hour, however, passed, before any one appeared, during which time Belmour had leisure to observe the furniture, which was new and very expensive; at last two folding-doors flew open at the further end of the room, and a lady tripped lightly on towards him, whom he had never before seen. She was plain, and her countenance unpleasant, but dressed in the utmost excess of the fashion.—‘ I beg ten
‘ thousand pardons, my lord,’ said she, shrugging up her shoulders, ‘ for
‘ making your lordship wait, but I was
‘ under the hands of that *goth*, la
‘ Minaudière, who would not let me
‘ stir till he had finished my hair, and
‘ who regularly comes at the most in-
‘ convenient

‘ convenient hour possible—but I en-
‘ treat of your lordship to be seated.—
‘ I am sure, my lord, I am much
‘ flattered by this honour. Shamly, I
‘ conclude, who promised to *scrape-up*
‘ all the dancing men he could for my
‘ ball, has been obliging enough to
‘ mention my name to your lordship—
‘ I ought, I am sure,’ continued she,
‘ simpering, ‘ to apologize for having
‘ troubled your lordship to come up
‘ stairs, but I could not refuse myself
‘ the pleasure of thanking you in per-
‘ son for the honour of your visit.’—
Here the lady, as it seemed, having
come to the end of her speech, stopped
as if expecting an answer. Belmour,
with difficulty recovering from his
painful surprize, after some hesitation,
begged

begged pardon, saying, ‘ that there was
‘ some strange mistake—that he had
‘ been told, that this was the house of
‘ Miss Melville, whom he had formerly
‘ the honour of seeing, and to whom
‘ he had meant to pay his respects.’—
‘ Might I be informed,’ continued he
colouring, ‘ if Miss Emily Melville
‘ live here, or where she is now to be
‘ found?’—Here the countenance of
the lady present underwent a very
considerable change—the corners of
her mouth were instantly drawn down,
and her eye-brows elevated — then,
tossing her head over her left shoulder,
with a sneer of the utmost contempt, she
replied,— ‘ this, my lord, is *my* house,
‘ I know of no other *Miss Melville* :
‘ there

‘ there was, indeed, a person, who
‘ claimed some relationship with our
‘ family, with whom certainly, I think,
‘ *your lordship* never could have had
‘ any acquaintance—a strange inco-
‘ herent story,’ continued she, softening
her looks again as she turned towards
Belmour, ‘ of which *I* never could
‘ comprehend a word—but she is
‘ married now, and not likely to give
‘ us any more trouble.’

Belmour, during this speech, had remained silent—the pang he felt on the close of it is not by any words to be expressed—he instantly got up, and muttering excuses for the trouble he had given, took his leave.

‘ You

‘ You will not forget *the fiveteenth*,
‘ my lord ; though I owe this honour,
‘ it seems, to a mistake, I shall send
‘ my card,’ screamed a shrill voice
after him, as he went down stairs.

Poor Belmour had not felt disposed to ask another question of the lady he had seen ; her words, and the tone in which she had spoken, were too expressive of spite and prejudice, to give him the smallest encouragement.

One part of her intelligence was too probable, he thought, to doubt. Yet what might not be doubted from the mouth of one, who spoke with such perfect ignorance of Emily !

Doctor

Doctor Stanmore seemed now, indeed, his last resource; and, unable longer to support so painful an uncertainty, Belmour ordered his chaise to be ready within two hours—slept that night at, and setting out early again the next morning, arrived in the evening at an inn, within half a mile of the village where Dr. Stanmore resided.—There Belmour left his carriage and servants, and having inquired the way, walked on alone to the parsonage.

On his approach, he was struck with the uncommon appearance of neatness and cultivation, which every where prevailed—numbers of small white cottages were here and there scattered

about: each with its little garden, which he observed, as he passed, to be not only stocked with vegetables, but adorned with flowers, and their walls covered with jessamine and myrtle, of which the vicinity to the sea admitted. At a little distance beyond the parsonage appeared the church-steeple, and the village, prettily backed by a wood, which rose gradually on the side of a hill, broken and rocky towards the top, and terminating on the opposite side in a sharp cliff, which overhung the sea. As Belmour crossed the small garden of the parsonage, which led to a low porch, the entry of the house, he saw a person, whom he immediately guessed to be Dr. Stanmore, rise from the porch where he was sitting with a book in his hand, and advance to receive him.

Belmour

Belmour was struck with the dignity of his appearance.—He was tall, and rather corpulent: a quantity of fine white hair covered his head: and his countenance was expressive both of sweetness and penetration. As he drew near, the natural surprize on the intrusion of an utter stranger seemed tempered by politeness and good breeding. Belmour bowed and hesitated—he felt the awkwardness of his situation; which Dr. Stanmore, however, seemed willing to relieve by a cordial invitation to enter, as he called it, his humble habitation.

They stopped, as it were by mutual accord, in the porch, where, after they were seated, a short silence ensued.

Dr. Stanmore waited for an explanation of the visit he received, and Belmour knew not how to begin—his real feelings upon this occasion were not easy to be reduced to the tone of *conversation*. At last, however, after mentioning his name, at which Dr. Stanmore gave a slight start, and making the proper apologies for his intrusion, Belmour proceeded to explain the motive of his visit; ‘wishing,’ as he said, ‘to inquire after a lady, whom
‘ he had had the honour of seeing at
‘ Belmour Castle some time past, and
‘ of whom he had accidentally re-
‘ ceived an incoherent account from a
‘ person of the same name.’—‘I am
‘ not surprized,’ said Dr. Stanmore, after a faint smile of contempt, ‘at

any account given to your lordship
by the person, to whom you addressed
yourself for information, which
could be no other than Miss Eliza
Melville, on whom the family estate,
a large property, devolved on the
death of her father. Emily Melville,
the child of my adoption, is the daughter
of his elder brother, who died young;
and she, from motives quite unnecessary
to explain, has been ever unfortunately
considered in an invidious light by those
of her family, who were not bound
to protect her.—But no matter, her
undeserved sufferings are, I trust, at
an end. Mr. Courteney, to whom
she is now married, sensible of her
merit, will, doubtless, reward her

‘ virtues: and if my most earnest
‘ prayers can aught avail,’ said he,
raising his eyes to Heaven, with an awful
expression of the most fervent devotion,
‘ my child will be happy!’

Belmour’s colour here totally for-
took him—a deadly paleness over-
spread his face—he rose, sat down, and
rose again, in visible agitation. There
was something in Dr. Stanmore’s man-
ner, which, however tempered by po-
liteness of expression, and mildness of
manner, seemed to oppose further in-
quiries: and Belmour, who feared,
lest his anxious desire to know more of
Emily’s history should be the very
means of precluding him from further
information, knew not how to continue
the

the subject—a short silence ensued—
Dr. Stanmore then rose, and inviting
Belmour to take some refreshment,
opened the door which led into the
house—Belmour remained seated. ‘I
‘ had hoped,’ said he—‘ and still, if it
‘ were not too great a liberty, should
‘ request’ — his voice faltered —
‘ might I,’ continued he, in some de-
gree recovering, ‘ be allowed to ask a
‘ few particulars concerning the family
‘ of Miss Melville, of which I have
‘ hitherto obtained only so erroneous
‘ and imperfect an account?’ Tr.
Stanmore had looked at him with
compassion while he spoke, he then,
after a few moments, as it seemed of
doubtful consideration, advanced to-
wards him; and taking his hand, which

he pressed between both his own, insensible himself of what he did. ‘ I know not,’ said he, ‘ the precise motive which excites your present interest in Emily, though I by no means affect total ignorance on the subject: and it was not, I confess, my intention at first, to have entered further into the particulars of her life;’—he paused—‘ Yet,’ continued he, leading Belmour into the house, who had risen on his coming up to him, if you will deign to be my guest for to night; and indeed even now it would be late, were you to return to the inn; I will endeavour to satisfy the desire you seem to express, of information concerning her.’—

Poor Belmour’s countenance, still more
strongly

strongly than his words, expressed his gratitude for a favour he had so little expected, from the manner in which his inquiries had at first been received by Dr. Stanmore.

They passed through a small neat parlour, into a library, filled with well arranged books, and commodiously furnished, but with uncommon plainness and simplicity. After they were seated, Dr. Stanmore continued—‘ having told you the conclusion of Emily’s history, I shall now begin with some circumstances, which preceded her birth; and endeavour,’ said he, with a sigh, ‘ not to make my story too long — it is but a melancholy tale!

‘ Emily Dumont, her mother, was
‘ of a family originally French, but
‘ long ago settled in Scotland; and
‘ the daughter of an officer, who,
‘ thinking the cause a just one, had
‘ assisted in the attempts to re-establish
‘ the house of Stuart on the throne of
‘ England. He with difficulty escaped,
‘ after the battle of Culloden, where
‘ he had distinguished himself by an
‘ unavailing bravery, and fled to
‘ France, where he subsisted on the
‘ remains of a very slender fortune,
‘ which his friends found means, from
‘ time to time, to transmit to him.
‘ His residence was chiefly at Bour-
‘ deaux, where, some years after his
‘ flight, he fell in love with, and mar-
‘ ried, the daughter of a considerable
‘ merchant

‘ merchant in that town, (but who
‘ afterwards broke) and he was other-
‘ wise not very fortunate in his choice.
‘ His wife, although uncommonly
‘ handsome, and by no means wanting
‘ in natural powers of mind, from an
‘ early love of admiration and pleasure,
‘ and from that general want of prin-
‘ ciple, too common to many of her
‘ nation, could not long contribute to
‘ the happiness, or even constitute the
‘ real comfort of a man, whose cha-
‘ racter differed so wholly from her
‘ own.—Dumont, for that was his
‘ name, was of a retired and studious
‘ turn, simple in his manners, gentle
‘ and unsuspecting: but once roused
‘ by offence, determined in his pur-
‘ poses. He for some time witnessed,

‘ in silence, a conduct he much disap-
‘ proved; but when, after repeated and
‘ gentle remonstrances, he found his
‘ efforts to reclaim his wife unavailing,
‘ and that the levity of her manners
‘ daily increased, instead of diminish-
‘ ing, he avoided her society, and
‘ retired to a small villa he had near
‘ the town, carrying with him his only
‘ daughter, then about three years old,
‘ his favourite child.’

‘ Dumont continued to reside at this
‘ villa for some time, when finding his
‘ health rapidly declining, and fore-
‘ seeing the probable event, he dreaded
‘ for his daughter both the education
‘ and example she must unavoidably
‘ receive from her mother, were she
‘ left

‘ left to her care, and listened to the
‘ proposal of a distant relation of his in
‘ England, who offered to take charge
‘ of the child.—Thus was the little
‘ Emily consigned to the care of
‘ strangers, and sent, as it were, an
‘ orphan into the world, which indeed
‘ she shortly afterwards actually became,
‘ by the death of both her parents.

‘ Mrs. Dawson, the person with
‘ whom Emily Dumont resided, hav-
‘ ing, from the death of her father,
‘ received no remittances from France
‘ for her support, or any assistance from
‘ her other relations, who after a time
‘ ceased even to notice applications on
‘ the subject; and having herself a
‘ large family, and a ruined fortune,
‘ had

‘ had formed an intention of retiring
‘ with her husband into Wales,—From
‘ which circumstances she began to
‘ consider Emily as a charge, which
‘ added much to their embarrassment:
‘ yet how to dispose of her they knew
‘ not; when chance threw an oppor-
‘ tunity in their way, which appeared
‘ calculated to relieve them from their
‘ difficulties, and afford to Emily, in
‘ some degree at least, that support,
‘ of which she was so nearly desti-
‘ tute.’

‘ In the neighbourhood of the place
‘ where Mrs. Dawson resided, was the
‘ seat of Sir Thomas Melville (a name,
‘ doubtless, not unknown to you;) a
‘ man of immense property—he had
‘ been

‘ been twice married, and had then a
‘ son living by his first wife, also a son
‘ and a daughter by his second wife,
‘ the Lady Melville then living. Sir
‘ Thomas was a man of weak ca-
‘ pacity, sickly and infirm, and wholly
‘ governed by his wife; who, to give
‘ you her character in few words,
‘ answered exactly the description of a
‘ *stepmother*, in the worst sense of the
‘ epithet.—Her chief object, in which
‘ she fatally succeeded! was to detach
‘ Sir Thomas from his eldest son, a
‘ youth of superiour talents and the
‘ greatest expectation.’ — Here Dr.
Stanmore paused, as it seemed, to re-
cover from a visible emotion.—‘ Well
‘ did I know his worth!’ continued he,
‘ for when yet a child,’ he was placed
‘ under

‘ under my care by his mother, the
‘ former Lady Melville, and again
‘ sent to me here, after his leaving
‘ school, to prepare him for the uni-
‘ versity.—In fact, no opportunity was
‘ lost by his mother-in-law, of re-
‘ moving him from home, as she
‘ dreaded his growing virtues, his
‘ spirited and amiable disposition, and
‘ the power he might, in spite of all
‘ her influence, one day obtain by the
‘ natural affection of a father, thus
‘ defeating her deep-laid schemes for
‘ the aggrandizement of her own
‘ children.

‘ Emily Dumont was now about
‘ twelve years old ; when it happened,
‘ that Lady Melville, who passed al-
‘ most

‘ most the whole of the year in the
‘ country, forced, in that particular, to
‘ give way to the humour of Sir
‘ Thomas, being anxious to complete
‘ in all respects, according to *her* ideas,
‘ the education of her daughter, was in
‘ search of some young girl, who might
‘ serve her as companion, and with
‘ whom at the same time she might
‘ converse in French. Emily, who
‘ had by no means forgotten the
‘ language she had learned from her
‘ cradle, appeared in all respects ex-
‘ actly what was required; and Mrs.
‘ Dawson being known to several of
‘ the families in the neighbourhood,
‘ who visited Lady Melville, easily ob-
‘ tained an introduction and recom-
‘ mendation to her, in favour of Emily,
‘ who

‘ who in consequence was shortly
‘ afterwards taken into her house, with
‘ a promise that she should thencefor-
‘ ward never want protection. With
‘ these general terms, Mrs. Dawson
‘ found it convenient to satisfy her
‘ conscience, and set out for Wales,
‘ persuaded that she had fully done her
‘ duty towards her charge, and placed
‘ her beyond the probability of future
‘ want or distress.

‘ Emily was at first delighted with
‘ her new situation. Amiable and en-
‘ gaging, she was encouraged and ca-
‘ ressed by all: Lady Melville *protected*
‘ her; and Miss Melville, pleased with
‘ the novelty of such a companion,
‘ existing, as she supposed, only for
‘ her

her service and amusement, would scarcely suffer her to be for a moment out of her sight. But it was not long before the pride and ill-temper of Lady Melville, and the caprice of her daughter, made poor Emily sensible of her subservient situation.— The natural gentleness of her disposition, however, and the thoughtlessness of youth, supported her, and made her more grateful for its advantages, than affected by what she might occasionally have to suffer—and her quickness of apprehension, and aptness to improve every talent she possessed, rendering her useful to her patroness, she was not without her share of favour and moments of
‘appro-

‘ approbation.—For above five years
‘ she continued with Lady Melville
‘ upon this footing; when, she knew
‘ not why, she saw her favour daily
‘ decrease with Lady Melville.—She
‘ was unaware of the envy and jealousy
‘ her growing charms excited in the
‘ breast of the mother, from the praises
‘ lavished on her wherever she ap-
‘ peared; while Miss Melville, in spite
‘ of her utmost efforts to attract and
‘ captivate, when Emily was present,
‘ often remained almost unnoticed.
‘ Miss Melville, too, adopting her
‘ mother’s ideas, and growing tired of
‘ a companion, whose superiour merit,
‘ and propriety of manners, prevented
‘ her from treating her as ill as she was
‘ inclined,

‘ inclined, from natural insolence,
‘ and mortified pride, affected only
‘ indifference and contempt.

‘ Poor Emily mourned in silence.—

‘ She had not, on earth, a friend to
‘ whom she could complain, or a hope
‘ of assistance, should she be forced to
‘ quit Lady Melville’s house.

‘ The family was just returned from

‘ a short excursion to town; during
‘ which, Emily had been treated with
‘ more than usual severity; when
‘ young Melville, whom his mother-
‘ in-law could not prevent from pas-
‘ sing some little time at his father’s,
‘ previous to his going abroad, ar-
‘ rived at Melville Hall. He was
‘ then

‘ then just twenty, his person un-
‘ commonly fine, of a noble, spirited
‘ disposition, and his only fault (that
‘ my partial eyes at least could dis-
‘ cover) was a too great warmth of
‘ temper.—But how would not that
‘ fault have been softened by reason,
‘ had fate but granted time for its ma-
‘ turity!— Yet, though every way
‘ formed to gratify both the heart and
‘ pride of a parent, Melville was, as
‘ usual, received by his father with
‘ coldness and indifference: at which,
‘ though unaccustomed to his tender-
‘ ness, he felt particularly mortified, as
‘ he now came to take leave of him,
‘ and his absence from England, he
‘ understood, was intended to be of
‘ some years.

‘ On

‘ On his arrival at Melville Hall,
‘ having inquired if there were any
‘ company in the house, and having
‘ been answered by the servant to
‘ whom he had addressed himself, that
‘ there was none, only the family ;
‘ when they were assembled in the
‘ drawing-room before dinner, I have
‘ often heard him declare, that no sur-
‘ prize ever equalled what he felt, on
‘ the entrance of Emily. He had
‘ scarcely seen her since she was a child ;
‘ as his visits, which had been very
‘ rare, to his father were chiefly made
‘ in town, whither she had not then
‘ accompanied Lady Melville ; and
‘ her figure was so much altered and
‘ improved, that he at first did not
‘ guess who she was - nothing could
‘ surpass

‘surpass her beauty, or the natural
‘grace and elegance of her manner.—
‘But your lordship,’ said Dr. Stan-
more, ‘has seen her daughter, who
‘is indeed the image of her unfortu-
‘nate mother.’—Belmour coloured,
but was silent—Dr. Stanmore con-
tinued: ‘Young Melville, hurt at his
‘father’s cold reception, and his mind
‘affailed by many painful ideas, was
‘preparing to pass most unpleasantly
‘the time previous to his departure,
‘when, as you will already have
‘guessed, the sudden and unexpected
‘appearance of an object, formed every
‘way to charm and captivate, with the
‘addition of that sympathy, natural to
‘persons placed under similar un-
‘pleasant circumstances, failed not
‘shortly,

‘ shortly to excite an interest in his
‘ breast, which terminated in love.
‘ Emily, unaccustomed from her early
‘ infancy to the soothing care and
‘ tenderness of a parent; alone, and a
‘ stranger, as it were, in a bad world;
‘ born with a heart alive to every soft
‘ feeling of virtuous affection; knew
‘ not how to oppose the sentiments
‘ excited in her breast by the at-
‘ tentions, interest, and tenderness of
‘ Melville; who, though young, evi-
‘ dently possessed a decided steadiness
‘ of character, which inspired confi-
‘ dence and security. In him she saw
‘ a friend and protector.

‘ To his family, her ties of obli-
‘ gation were small; she was treated
‘ with

‘ with insolence and contempt, for the
‘ mere casual superiority of fortune ;
‘ and, indeed, owed them little more
‘ than her subsistence, in return for the
‘ employment of her time, and her ut-
‘ most endeavours to please, exerted
‘ in their service. She could in fact,
‘ therefore, feel little scruple in listen-
‘ ing to the dictates of Melville’s
‘ avowed and sincere passion—circum-
‘ stances too materially contributed to
‘ excuse both her and Melville.

‘ Lady Melville, his mother-in-law,
‘ on his first attentions to Emily, had
‘ redoubled her watchful observation
‘ on his every look, and the harshness
‘ of her dry and sarcastic manner to-
‘ wards him ; but shortly afterwards, a
‘ change

change in her whole behaviour took place, for which he was at a loss to account. She gradually became soft in her manner, and almost caressing both to him and Emily, artfully throwing out her praise, separately, of each to the other, so as to persuade them of the interest she affected to take in their welfare: added to which, while carefully avoiding the appearance of premeditation or design, she gave them every possible opportunity of being together. Unexperienced as they were, it was impossible they should escape the snare.—Melville, encouraged by the kindness and altered manner of his mother-in-law, ventured to hint to her his passion, and begged her interest and good offices

F 2

‘ offices with his father.—She affected
‘ surprize: but told him, she thought
‘ Sir Thomas *might* be brought to
‘ consent to their union, as fortune
‘ *ought* not to be an object with him,
‘ and that Emily certainly could
‘ to no family be a disgrace. Sir
‘ Thomas was at the time, in addition
‘ to his usual indifferent health, suf-
‘ fering from the gout, which ren-
‘ dered him so fretful and uneasy, that,
‘ except Lady Melville, whom he
‘ scarcely allowed to be out of his
‘ room, few dared venture to approach
‘ him—However, the time of young
‘ Melville’s intended departure draw-
‘ ing near, he determined, supported
‘ as he thought himself by Lady
‘ Meville’s powerful interest, to take
‘ courage,

‘ courage, and speak to his father on
‘ the subject nearest his heart ; meaning
‘ to declare himself ready to submit to
‘ any delay, or any terms whatever,
‘ that his father should think proper
‘ to impose, if, finally, he might hope,
‘ with his consent, to be united to
‘ Emily.—Trembling, he entered the
‘ apartment of his father.—He was re-
‘ ceived by him with the most forbidding
‘ looks, and scarcely allowed time to
‘ explain himself, before he was loaded
‘ with every term of reproach, for at-
‘ tempting to disgrace, as he called it,
‘ his family, and think of marrying a
‘ French beggar, who had subsisted, he
‘ said, only on his bounty : but of
‘ *her* he should *take care*. — Lady
‘ Melville, at the instant, entered the

‘ room, on whose countenance a ma-
‘ licious smile was so evident, that
‘ Melville’s eyes were in an instant
‘ opened; he saw himself betrayed,
‘ and without uttering another word,
‘ left the room. The next day Emily,
‘ with five guineas in her pocket, was
‘ actually ordered to leave the house;
‘ an order with which she immediately
‘ complied, retiring to a neighbouring
‘ farm-house. Thither she was fol-
‘ lowed by Melville, who, in addition
‘ to his passion, felt the dictates of
‘ honour instantly determine him never
‘ to abandon one, of whose forlorn
‘ situation he thought himself the sole
‘ cause.—They immediately set out for
‘ Scotland, where they were married.
‘ On his return, Melville found all
‘ intercession

intercession with his father vain—
his estates were wholly in his own
power: and he not only withdrew
his son's allowance, but at the same
time declared him disinherited. The
army was his only resource, in which,
by the assistance of his friends, he
obtained a commission; but having at
present neither house nor retreat, he
claimed from my early friendship,
and assured attachment, a protection
for his wife; and in terms at once the
most manly and affecting, deplored
the cruelty of his situation, which
allowed him not for the moment to
insure her even from positive want
and necessity.—Could I refuse! I had
ever considered Melville more as a
son than a pupil: and his errors,

‘ bearing the character of imprudence,
‘ not of vice, could but excite my
‘ pity.—Shortly after their marriage,
‘ Melville came to me with his wife,
‘ who, beautiful as an angel, was also
‘ the image of purity and innocence.—
‘ Six months were passed by them
‘ under my roof in quiet and content
‘ —their last farewell, alas! to happiness on earth.

‘ Melville’s regiment was then
‘ ordered to the West Indies; fain
‘ would Mrs. Melville have accompanied him thither, but the objections
‘ to this measure were too strong.—He
‘ had only his pay to subsist on, and
‘ the idea of exposing her, then too in
‘ a state of pregnancy, to the many
‘ dangers

‘ dangers and difficulties he might
‘ have to encounter, was intolerable to
‘ him. It was settled, therefore, that
‘ till his return, which it was supposed
‘ would be within a twelvemonth,
‘ Mrs. Melville was to remain with me
‘ —Thus they parted; and, though with
‘ the most affecting expression of re-
‘ gret, still, on his side, with the youth-
‘ ful hope of future happiness; but on
‘ her’s, with a despondency she vainly
‘ endeavoured to conceal.—A deep
‘ melancholy took possession of her,
‘ softened, indeed, by the natural sweet-
‘ ness of her disposition: but almost
‘ her first smile was on her infant, born
‘ a few months subsequent to her hus-
‘ band’s departure, and whom, after
‘ her mother, I named Emily.

‘ Two years had passed in vain ex-
‘ pectation, without any determined
‘ time having been fixed for Melville’s
‘ return, when his letters announced,
‘ that within a few days he was to set
‘ sail for England—He requested of his
‘ wife to meet him on his landing:
‘ saying, that he should be his own
‘ messenger, and directing her to ac-
‘ cept of an invitation she would re-
‘ ceive from a friend of his, who had
‘ a house on the coast near Falmouth.
‘ —Thither she repaired, and day after
‘ day from the Strand, where she took
‘ her constant station, did she watch
‘ the coming of the vessel, which was
‘ to bring her only joy.—At last the
‘ vessel was descried; it was known to
‘ be the expected packet.—With
‘ beating

‘ beating heart and eyes, strained to-
‘ wards the yet distant sail, did she
‘ wait its approach—The sea was calm
‘ and serene—nearer and nearer it ap-
‘ proached—at last she saw a boat
‘ put off, which rowed directly towards
‘ the spot where she was—A sudden
‘ dimness overspread her sight: she
‘ with difficulty supported herself,
‘ leaning with one hand on a piece of
‘ broken rock, while with the other she
‘ grasped the hand of her child, whom
‘ she had led to meet its father’s first
‘ embrace.—Again her eyes opened,
‘ as the boat drew near—better for
‘ her, they had been closed for ever!—
‘ The first object, that struck her re-
‘ turning sight, was Melville’s servant,
‘ a lad who had followed, and shown

‘ particular attachment to him, in
‘ deep mourning. I have little more
‘ to add,’ said Dr. Stanmore, observing
Belmour much affected—‘ the ser-
‘ vant brought the fatal news of Mel-
‘ ville’s death, who had been attacked
‘ by a sudden and violent fever, just as
‘ he was about to embark ; he, how-
‘ ever, had strength to write a short
‘ letter, in which he entreated his dear
‘ Emily, to live for the sake of their
‘ child.—He also sent her his portrait,
‘ saying, that thus only could he fulfil
‘ his promise of returning to her—and
‘ closed his letter with a sad farewell.
‘ The particulars I mention, I learnt
‘ from the friends she was with—to
‘ me she returned in a state of stupor :
‘ from which, however, she at last suc-

‘ceeded in rousing herself, and endeavoured to fulfil the dying wishes of her husband, and live to cherish and support her child—But the blow was too severe—her fragile form sunk under it’s weight. On the very day twelvemonth, on which she had met the fatal news of her husband’s death, she expired in my arms—leaving her dear infant to my care. I have fulfilled the sacred charge, and watched over it, I may say, with parental interest and affection: and well have I been repaid! for a mind more enlightened, or a heart more open to every noble, every tender feeling, never was more conspicuous than in my Emily—and, perhaps, never were such force and energy of mind united in the same
‘character

‘character with such softness and affection.’—Here Dr. Stanmore leant back in his chair, to appearance much fatigued with having spoken so long. Belmour entreated of him not to continue.—‘Notwithstanding the pleasure I have in hearing you,’ said he, ‘I must beg of you now to rest—another time, perhaps.’—Dr. Stanmore thanked him.—‘I am, it is true, fatigued,’ said he, ‘nor can I ever recal these melancholy scenes to my mind, without renewed suffering.—As you are kind enough to be my guest for to-night, we will for the present dismiss the subject, and to-morrow I shall have more strength, and finish, which is not much, what remains for me to say.’

The rest of the day passed in conversation between them on various topics, on all of which Dr. Stanmore talked not only with intelligence, as a man of sense and erudition, but as a man conversant with the world. He informed Belmour, that early in life he had travelled with a young nobleman, who afterwards died abroad, not only over France and Italy, but into Greece.

‘ I had in my youth,’ said he, ‘ a rambling spirit, and, I must confess, a strong predilection for the army; and submitted, with reluctance, to the judgment of my father, who earnestly pressed my going into the church, where he had hopes of procuring
‘ curing

‘curing me considerable preferment;
‘and much,’ continued he, with a
smile, ‘was he distressed for me on
‘the failure of those hopes—But where
‘may we not find content!—certain it
‘is, that I would not now exchange
‘this simple dwelling, and moderate
‘situation, where the power of doing
‘good to others has not been denied
‘me, for palaces and riches.’—At
night they separated, having risen
mutually in each other’s opinion as
they conversed. Belmour, however,
said little—too deeply affected with
what he had learnt from Dr. Stanmore,
of himself he could not speak, nor of
the only object, which had now so long
occupied his mind.

He

He was conducted by Dr. Stanmore to a neat apartment above stairs, the whole furniture of which was white, and the wainscot also white, adorned with drawings, in neat but simple frames.—Belmour was no sooner alone, than, on casting his eyes round the room, he was convinced that he was actually in the very apartment formerly occupied by Miss Melville.—The sudden sensation, the long train of ideas, which this circumstance excited in his mind, are not to be described—every part of the room was carefully examined by him, stepping lightly on the floor, lest his footsteps should be heard in the small and thin-built house. The drawings in particular attracted his attention: they were views, evidently original, of different parts of Italy, and various

various buildings, both ancient and modern, of that country, enlivened with figures, and executed in a free and masterly style. Among many of Venice, the church of the Mendicanti was often repeated, and various views given of the inside of the building. On farther examination among the figures on the fore-ground, one always presented itself so like his own, that he thought—could it have been possible—but it must be fancy—yet it was always represented in the very cloak he wore, on the very bench he sat, where he had often passed whole hours in listening to the divine music repeated from the grated gallery above—Yet he had sitten for no portrait while at Venice—and again it must be fancy. To get rid,

rid, however, of an idea, which puzzled and occupied his mind, he in vain endeavoured to rest—his eye-lids were no sooner closed, than all he had heard from Dr. Stanmore pressing, as it seemed, more strongly on his imagination, precluded all hope of sleep.

Belmour rose early the next morning, impatient again to see Dr. Stanmore, and planning within himself the many questions he meant to ask him relative to Miss Melville, and her present situation; but concluding that he would not yet be up, he determined to wait his hour of breakfast in the garden.—The sun was newly risen, the air soft and serene, and the fragrance of the flowers, with which the little garden was

was plentifully stocked, delightful. In the arrangement of the whole place, he remarked an elegance and propriety of taste, which left him no doubt, by whom it had been planned. Thus surrounded, as he was, by objects which brought the image of Emily so forcibly to his mind, his admiration of her seemed every instant to increase with his anguish for her loss.

‘ To me,’ said he, mournfully, ‘ to me, she is lost for ever !—yet I must see her again—I must assure her of my respect, my admiration, since I dare not, alas ! of my regret.’—Occupied with these ideas, he advanced with a quickened step towards the house, hoping now to find Dr. Stan-
more

more below stairs. At the door he was met by the maid, who, dropping an awkward curtsy, said—‘that her master
‘ begged his honour’s pardon, but that
‘ he was too unwell to come down
‘ stairs, and hoped he would excuse
‘ him—and breakfast is ready, your
‘ honour, in the little parlour,’ said she, leading the way. Belmour followed, with a feeling of disappointment, which he knew scarcely how in any degree to conquer—He had hoped to learn many particulars relative to Emily’s history, and to have had many circumstances explained, which had so much excited his curiosity; he wished, likewise, to have farther improved his acquaintance with Dr. Stanmore, whose sentiments and conversation inspired him with
peculiar

peculiar interest, together with a respect and reverence, to which his situation, and the simple dignity of his figure and manner, necessarily contributed.—‘Am I then,’ said he to himself, ‘destined to burst in ignorance ! and is there, indeed, some spell formed eternally to counteract and oppose my wishes, on the only subject which really interests my heart !’—

He had learned from Dr. Stanmore, in the course of their conversation, that the seat of Mr. Courteney was in Gloucestershire ; and recollecting, from the name of the place, that it was remarkable for an old ruin, which many persons travelled purposely to see, he determined to take advantage of this circumstance, and, under pretence of the

the

the accidental curiosity, which might be supposed to have brought him there, ask permission to see Emily; which, he thought, without any appearance of particularity, he was authorized to do, from their former acquaintance at Belmour Castle.—What were his designs, or what his expectations from this visit, perhaps he hardly dared to ask himself—for the moment it promised him a sort of indulgence, or at least relief, and his mind was not at present in a state to look farther. Thus determined, as he was preparing to leave Dr. Stanmore's, having previously endeavoured to express his obligation to him for his reception, in a letter which he desired might be delivered to him after his departure, just as he passed the door

door of the little parlour, he met Dr. Stanmore coming slowly towards him—‘ I cannot,’ said Dr. Stanmore, speaking with much difficulty, ‘ suffer you to go without one
‘ farewell from me, nor without ex-
‘ pressing my sincere wish, that we
‘ may, at some future period, improve
‘ our acquaintance — forgive,’ continued he, taking both Belmour’s hands, which he pressed—‘ forgive the liberty
‘ I take, but something tells me, al-
‘ though till now we have never met,
‘ that we were not destined to be al-
‘ ways strangers to each other.’—Belmour expressed his obligation with so much warmth and affectionate gratitude, that it brought a smile on Dr. Stanmore’s countenance; which smile
plainly

plainly said, 'thou hast a tender heart!'
—'Much it grieves me,' continued he,
'to be thus seized at this moment,
'when I almost flattered myself you
'would somewhat have prolonged
'your stay; but, though by no means
'at present dangerous, as I am told,
'these attacks of a sort of asthma, to
'which I have many years been sub-
'ject, completely disable me, when
'they come, for several days, and
'render me nearly incapable even of
'speaking.'—Saying this, he advanced
into the room, towards an arm-chair,
supported by Belmour, who, as soon as
he saw him quietly seated, fearing that
his staying longer might be trouble-
some, with sincere regret took leave of
his host.

CHAP. XII.

BELMOUR, during his walk to the place where he had left his carriage the day before, arranged his plan, in consequence of what he had learned from Dr. Stanmore, and found that he could not, without difficulty, arrive at the Post Town, distant however only a few miles from the seat of Mr. Courteney, till the next evening.—Having accordingly, on the following night but one, slept at —, he proceeded on the subsequent morning to Deane Abbey.—Passing, as he went, through a park of considerable extent, though too much occupied

occupied by his own thoughts to be very observant of the surrounding objects, he was struck with an air of neglect which reigned throughout. It was with difficulty, and not till the postillions had repeatedly hallooed, that admittance had been gained at the first gate, which was opened only by a common labourer: when, after having traversed the park, he arrived at a large iron gate, which led into an open court before the house, he waited above a quarter of an hour before the key was brought; and then, from the immense weight of the iron gate, and rust of the hinges, it seemed for some time doubtful, whether or not it could be opened at all. The house, evidently part of an ancient abbey, had

an air of picturesque grandeur, but a great part of the building was an absolute ruin, the walls of which were, in many parts, covered with ivy of immense growth.—‘Is this the ruin which is shown to strangers?’ said Belmour to the servant, whom he followed into the court.—‘No, my lord,’ replied the man, who had glanced his eye over the coronet, which was on Belmour’s carriage.—‘No, my lord, the ruins *as some comes to see, is* about a mile off, up yonder in the park’ (pointing to a steep rising ground).—‘I thought as how your lordship asked for my master.’—‘Is Mr. Courteney at home?’ said Belmour. ‘No, my lord, master is gone out since morning.’—‘Is Mrs. Courteney

‘ at home?’ continued Belmour, coughing, in order to disguise the agitation of his voice.—‘ I ain’t sure, my lord; but if your lordship will walk there a little, upon *that there* terrace, I will go and inquire.’

Belmour passed on through a small door in the wall, which on that side of the house crossed a broad high terrace, from which there was a distant view of the country. The ground falling abruptly in that part, and the soil being rocky, formed a sort of natural rampart, which continued for some way along the house. As he walked along this terrace, waiting for the return of the servant, he accidentally cast his eyes up to an open

G 3

window

window above, where, leaning on her arm, in a pensive posture, he saw Emily.—It could be no other—nor did it require the quick sensation of a lover to recognize her figure. — Belmour remained for some time in the place where he stood, earnestly looking towards her—during which, she once turned, as it seemed, on some person's entering the room where she was, but again resumed her former attitude, and appeared lost in thought: the servant whom he had sent up with his name, then coming towards him, Belmour advanced to meet him.—‘Please ye, ‘my lord,’ said the man, ‘my mistress ‘is not at home.’—‘Not at home!’ muttered Belmour to himself, with a look of disappointment; then, after
musing

musing for a few seconds.—‘ Might I,
‘ sir, beg to have pen and ink brought
‘ me?’—‘ O yes, my lord, I’ll fetch
‘ your lordship pen and ink, and some
‘ paper in a moment: please ye, my
‘ lord, to walk into the great hall, and
‘ your lordship may look at the paint-
‘ ings there the while, they are
‘ reckoned very curious.’—Belmour
having thanked the servant, followed
him into the hall. — The *paintings*
which the servant talked of were shields
and armorial bearings, with banners, and
a quantity of old armour, which were all
suspended under the high arches of a
fine ancient Gothic roof, beautifully
worked; the whole of the pannels be-
low had evidently also been highly
carved and ornamented, but were de-

faced and fallen to decay.—Belmour cast an inattentive eye over these objects as he walked about the hall, when suddenly his notice was attracted by the conversation of two servants, who entered the hall at the opposite end.—One had a chaise-seat thrown over his shoulder, and the other, coming up to him, cried,—‘Why, John, where are you carrying *that there chay-seat*?’—‘The *chay-seat*? why to be mended: I don’t ye see here, it wants a lock, and the side’s cracked; our old Allen will have enough to do to get it ready by Tuesday, when mistress goes to Cheltenham.’—‘To Cheltenham! What is mistress going there?’—‘Yes, the doctor ordered her: you know she *have* been but poorly
‘ ever

‘ ever since she came here.—God bless her! say I, she’s a sweet lady.’—By this time they had passed Belmour some way, who had remained listening with the utmost attention to their conversation; but before they got to the door, he distinguished little more, except a doubt whether Mrs. Barbara liked going or not, and, that Mrs. Barbara was ‘a pretty girl, but *d—d* proud.’

Shortly afterwards the servant, whom he had commissioned, brought him pen and ink, and, bowing, asked if ‘his lordship would walk into the parlour, where there was a table?’—‘I thank you much,’ returned Belmour, putting some money into his hand, ‘and

‘ am sorry for all the trouble I have
‘ given you, but I find it unnecessary
‘ to write from hence.—You will, if
‘ you please, present my respects to
‘ your lady, and say, that I regretted
‘ not having the honour of seeing her:’
saying this, he hurried out towards his
chaise, into which he threw himself.

CHAP. XIII.

IT had instantly occurred to Belmour, as the reader may, perhaps, guess, on the conversation which he overheard between the servants, that by going himself to Cheltenham, to which place he was nearly in the direct road, he would have an opportunity of seeing Emily without any appearance of particularity, and in a manner far beyond any expectations he could have formed for himself.—When he arrived at the inn where he had left his baggage, and where Bertram, his valet de chambre, had remained, he found him pacing
c 6 about

about the court in expectation of his return.—On seeing the carriage drive up, he flew to open the door for his lord—‘*Milor n’aura pas diné ?*’—Belmour, smiling, said, ‘*Il n’est pas tard, Bertram mais ordonne moi à dîner, et dis que je compte passer la nuit ici.*’

This was beyond Bertram’s expectations—he had often remarked to himself, that, in travelling, his master, nine times out of ten, would pass by a good inn, and go on to a worse, as it appeared to him without the least consideration upon this *weighty* subject.—Now the kitchen, rooms, and beds of the present inn, all which he had had time fully to examine during his master’s absence, conducted in form by an

an obliging and officious host, having appeared to him *superexcellent*; when the hostess, after he came down stairs, presenting him at the same time with a glass of wine, held forward between the middle-finger and thumb of a very white hand, hoped that his lordship, the marquis, would not think of going further that night, as the roads were bad, and the stages long: and, indeed the quality that came to visit the ruins of Deane Abbey seldom passed her house, without stopping a night at least.

—Bertram shrugged up his shoulders:—

‘ I like your *ouse*, madame,’ said he,
‘ and would stay *for week vit* pleasure;
‘ but I cannot answer for *mi lord*, *e*
‘ come *e* go *ver* he please—but I
‘ follow

‘ follow *im* to dee end of *dee* *werld*,
‘ *par Dieu!*’

Belmour had determined to remain for that night at ———, merely as a place where he could pass some hours alone, and was in no haste to arrive at Cheltenham, as it was then only Saturday, and, by the account of the servants, Emily would not leave Deane Abbey before Tuesday.—The moment he had dined he strolled out, and, taking a distant walk over the country, returned not till long after it was dark; on these occasions Bertram was always sure to be met by him, hovering round the door, with evident marks of anxiety and uneasiness on his countenance,

tenance, which he often, through fear of offending his master, endeavoured to conceal by a thousand ludicrous attempts at expressions of ease and unconcern;—all this was at times troublesome to Belmour, and excited his impatience; yet, as honest expressions of unalloyed zeal and affectionate attachment, his heart was not insensible to them.

On the following day, Belmour left the inn at ———, and towards evening arrived at Cheltenham, where he soon settled himself in a small house, taking his chance for being near where Emily might lodge.—Established at Cheltenham, in expectation of Emily's arrival, thought on thought crowded on his imagination:

imagination:—to what real advantage this farther renewal of sentiments, which had already given him so much pain, could tend, he did not venture to inquire of himself.

CHAP. XIV.

BELMOUR, the next morning, walked to the well. It had not occurred to him, that he was likely to meet any of his particular acquaintance at Cheltenham; and so indifferent was it to him, *one* excepted, *whom* he met, that he had not thought of making any inquiry on the subject—he was therefore surprized, though not disagreeably, at seeing, among a number of unknown figures, his cousin, Lady Clementina. She was walking slowly up to the well, leaning on Melford's arm: but the moment she saw Belmour, she flew towards him, dragging

dragging Melford after her—‘ My
‘ dear cousin!’ cried she, ‘ who could
‘ have expected to have found *you*
‘ here!—But I am quite rejoiced to
‘ see you again; and, for Heaven’s
‘ sake, tell me something of Caroline,
‘ how she does, and where she is; for I
‘ never can understand from her letters
‘ what in the world she is about.—I
‘ depended on her returning to Eng-
‘ land with you; what could be the
‘ reason she went, the lord knows where,
‘ by herself, when she said her health
‘ was better?’ — All these questions
Belmour answered in the best manner
he could, and it was easy to satisfy
Lady Clementina; she knew not sus-
picion; she was herself all truth and
frankness, and believed others to be
the

the same: and when, by chance, she took
‘ *an aversion,*’ as she called it, to any
one, she always herself *wondered why*.—
‘ Amiable being!’ (thought Belmour
to himself, as he looked at her with the
kindest expression of affection)—‘ how
‘ happened it that *thy* charms, however
‘ powerful, could never reach my
‘ heart?’—‘ I really am quite glad to
‘ see you again, Belmour,’ resumed
she; ‘ and I think we shall agree much
‘ better together than we used to do,
‘ for you have no notion how grave
‘ and sober I am grown; quite a pat-
‘ tern,’ said she, laughing.—‘ Here have
‘ we been living for these three weeks
‘ quite alone; for I only just come to
‘ the well in the morning, and then see
‘ no more of these good people (mak-
ing

ing a face) ‘for the rest of the day:
‘and yet I never have wanted com-
‘pany.—When I am tired in the even-
‘ing, I make Melford read to me
‘sometimes, though to be sure he
‘don’t much like it.’—Melford gaped,
and made a slight effort to release his
arm, of which she had hold; but she,
without taking the least notice of this,
only held it the tighter.—‘Well,’ con-
tinued she, ‘but you dine with us to-
‘day; for, though we like to be alone,
‘we shall like *your* company still better;
‘and I have got a monstrous com-
‘fortable little habitation out of the
‘street.’—Melford cordially joined in
this invitation, that is, as far as a *very*
fine gentleman *can* be *cordial*; for
his time, of course, hung heavily on
his

his hands, and he was glad to have the addition of a person with whom *one could live* to his society.

From that moment Belmour was the constant guest and companion of the Melfords, his own solitary walks excepted, which he never omitted; and, from being in the habit of rising early, he had always leisure time to himself. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed, without Emily's appearing.— Belmour grew almost in despair.— ‘What is the matter with you, my dear cousin?’ Lady Clementina had a thousand times repeated.— At last, on the Friday morning, as Belmour walked out of his own house, which happened to be in the same row with

Lady

Lady Clementina's, at the very next door he saw a woman uncommonly busy washing and dusting, and cleaning every thing about the house.—
' You seem very busy, good woman,' said Belmour; ' do you expect company?'—' Yes, your honour, we *expect* Madame Courteney here to-morrow; and I'm sure I don't know how in the world I shall get the house ready; for these Jew-people that were here are so nasty, there's no getting things clean after them: *howsoever*, if our Martha comes to help, we shall do pretty well.'—Saying this, she twirled her mop almost in Belmour's face; and clattering up the passage of the house, with a high pair of pattens on her feet, in an instant disappeared.—

Away

Away went Belmour, and *that* day Lady Clementina had no occasion to ask him, ‘What was the matter with ‘him:’—for to a thoughtful, and sometimes almost absent expression, when not exceeding certain bounds, she was with him so well accustomed, that she took it as a thing of course.—On the day following, just as they had done dinner, a post-chaise passed the window of the room where they were sitting, and stopped at two doors off, which was the very house where Belmour had seen the woman cleaning every thing on the preceding day.—Lady Clementina saw the post-chaise, heard it stop, and, bouncing up, flew to the window.—‘There is an arrival!’ said she, ‘for this house was empty ‘yesterday.—

‘ yesterday.—I must see who it is.—
‘ Men have no curiosity ; there you sit
‘ like two stocks !’—By this time her
face was close to the window : then,
throwing the casement open, she ex-
claimed—‘ Well ! mercy on me !—I
‘ protest it is !—Yes, it is !—I am not
‘ mistaken, it *is* Miss Melville !—Mrs.
‘ I don’t know what, for she is married
‘ now ; but I will go to her this mo-
‘ ment, and do you follow me at least.’
—Saying this, she darted out of the
door, and was in the other house just
as Emily, with a look of some fatigue,
was seated in a little parlour near the
door.

Belmour soon followed ; and Melford,
after some arrangement of his cravat,
and

and a complacent look of examination, cast over his own person, carelessly joined them.—When Belmour appeared at the door, where he stopped, bowing respectfully, Emily rose and came forward, desiring he would not remain thus at the door, with a look of much sweetness, though not wholly free from embarrassment. ‘ You see I have told you truly,’ said lady Clementina, ‘ here we are, met together once more, was there ever any thing so odd! and I am *sure so lucky!*’— She then went on with a string of questions, the sum total of the answers to which was, that Emily had been for some time unwell, and that Cheltenham had been strongly recommended to her by her physician—that she had taken that

opportunity of coming, as Mr. Courtney, who did not in general like leaving home, was under the necessity of passing a fortnight or three weeks in town, on some particular business.—

‘ You do indeed look pale,’ said lady Clementina, ‘ but we will take such
‘ care of you here, you will soon be
‘ well.—Come, I must insist on your
‘ passing this very evening with us;
‘ our house is literally within two doors
‘ of you, it cannot fatigue you to walk
‘ thither.’—Emily endeavoured at first to excuse herself for that evening, but lady Clementina would not be refused — ‘ Come, come,’ said she, ‘ we will
‘ split the difference: we will go and
‘ take a walk, or a drive in the sociable,
‘ and

‘and call for you at our return.’—

Emily bowed assent.

The evening was passed at lady Clementina’s, with the addition of no other visitor than a Mr. Reeves, a *banger-on* and flatterer of Melford, but of the inoffensive sort, whose only object was a good dinner, and a recommendation to the same in *any* other house. Belmour had no sooner seen Emily, than he experienced a species of relief from the unsettled state of mind, into which he had so long been thrown, which seemed to him like happiness; and the prospect of now forming a part of her society was still a blessing so much beyond his past expectation, that for the moment he

almost forgot the indissoluble tie, which, by uniting her to another, had in reality separated him from her for ever.

As Emily had expressed much surprise on first seeing him, and said, that she thought him still abroad; Belmour found, that she had not been informed of his coming to Dean Abbey: and it immediately struck him, as he was anxious to avoid any appearance of particularity, that it would be better not to mention his visit to that place, although he did not attempt making a secret of having seen doctor Stanmore; as from himself, indeed, he concluded she would have been informed of that, in the course of their correspondence.—

It was, indeed, true, that Emily knew not of his having been at Dean Abbey; she had been unwell the day he came there, and was sitting at the window as before mentioned, when the servant entered the room; and, guessing that he came to announce a visit, having heard a carriage drive up to the door, she, without asking who it was, said that she was not at home—and afterward, wholly indifferent as she supposed the subject, had not thought of inquiring who had been there.

CHAP. XV.

NEARLY three weeks had elapsed in that state of quiet society, which is seldom found, but when persons of congenial, or at least *accordant* dispositions and tastes, meet in some place distant from the scenes of their different cares and anxieties.—Lady Clementina, really occupied by her passion for her husband, seemed to forget her former vanities and love of general admiration, and her naturally good and amiable qualities shone forth in all their true lustre; and Melford, though his character was weak and unsteady,

steady, was still sufficiently captivated, to be flattered by the attentions of such a woman, and with the addition now made to his society, was tolerably well secured from *ennui*, the inherent evil of the idle and trifling; and what with his curricie, in which lady Clementina was daily paraded about with him, his sociable, of which the rest of the society partook, his saddle-horses, and an excellent table, he contrived to get tolerably through the day.

Belmour sought every opportunity of improving the advantage fortune had thrown in his way, and wished, at least, to feel an attachment, which he could not conquer, justified by reason. Emily rose daily in his opinion—the

superiour strength and energy of her character appeared so blended with affection, and every gentle feeling of the mind, that while it commanded his respect, it increased his admiration.—

The sympathy, too, of taste, which existed between them, led insensibly to that confidence and intimate communication of ideas, which are at once the charm and the support of intelligent minds.—

Yet on the subject nearest his heart Belmour never ventured to breathe the slightest hint, nor was his curiosity concerning the particulars of Emily's history in any degree satisfied.—Her disposition was evidently open; yet, if he attempted to touch on the occurrences of her past life, as far as they were known to him, and particularly
when

when they happened to be alone, a sudden expression of melancholy overspread her fine animated countenance, and a something like reserve took place in her manner, which precluded further inquiries.

Of doctor Stanmore, indeed, she often spoke, and always with the tenderness and affection of a child for a beloved parent—dwelling with delight on the recital of his virtues, and on all the obligations, she said, she owed him, for the quiet enjoyment of a happy infancy, and for the improvement of such powers as her mind had under his tuition acquired.

It was now the middle of July, and the weather uncommonly fine.—Emily frequently strolled out, carrying with her implements for drawing, and amused herself with sketching the many picturesque and rural spots in the immediate neighbourhood of Cheltenham.—Belmour had, one day, accidentally met her, and as she appeared not displeased at his approach, he ventured again the next morning to join her, finding her occupied in the same manner, and, from that time, they habitually met, nearly at the same hour. Emily seated herself on the trunk of a tree, and Belmour on the ground by her side.—He was one day seated in this manner, occupied in cutting the pencils ready for her use, when

when the conversation was naturally led to her talent for drawing.—‘ I saw
‘ several drawings of yours,’ said Bel-
mour, ‘ when I was at Dr. Stanmore’s,
‘ which, I am sure, prove your perfect
‘ knowledge of perspective.’—His eyes
were fixed on the pencil he was cutting,
as he spoke, and his voice trembled—
he was conscious, that he meant some-
thing more, than his words seemed to
imply.—Emily continued silent—when,
on lifting up his eyes, they met her’s
turned towards him, with a look of so
much softness, tenderness, and pity,
that he was for a moment lost in the
unexpected feeling of delight he ex-
perienced.—Emily then, as it were,
suddenly recollecting herself, turned
again to her drawing, and, not without

some confusion, began talking of the view she was taking, and of the difficulty of representing all its beauty.— At that moment, lady Clementina came running up to them with a note in her hand.—‘Lord!’ said she, ‘I have been hunting for you in every room of your lodging—did ever any body go out so early, but my *quiz* of a cousin there!—now don’t look so grave, dear Belmour, for you know, that if you are a *quiz*, you are the handsomest *quiz* in the world, and when that is the case, nobody need mind what they are—but here I have an invitation from Seeres, the nabob, and one for you, and all the company I please to invite—he gives a ball at Presbury to-morrow se’n-
‘ night,

‘ night, and there is to be a temporary
‘ ball-room erected, and all the stage-
‘ coaches are coming down filled with
‘ cooks and confectioners, and the
‘ Lord knows what!—and *monseigneur*
‘ *Paris* is to preside and order every
‘ thing, and we are to have bowers and
‘ *besquets*, and fountains and *jets d’eau*
‘ all made of paper and tin: in short,
‘ the ball is to be delightful, and all
‘ the neighbourhood are to come for
‘ fifty miles round.—Young Seeres is
‘ now in my room, come in grand
‘ form to invite me, and make excuses
‘ for his father, who, *out of respect*, as
‘ he said, did not venture himself to
‘ do so sooner.—Reeves, who came
‘ with him, kept telling me all this
‘ before him, in his droll way, and
‘ making

‘ making such faces behind his back,
‘ that I thought I should have quite
‘ misbehaved, for I was ready to die
‘ with laughing at Seeres’s awkward
‘ bows, and his foolish fat face—But I
‘ must run back, for Melford, who is
‘ just come down to breakfast, won’t
‘ thank me for leaving him alone with
‘ such company—I shall say, that I
‘ have found you, and that you will
‘ come, Belmour, of course, as I may
‘ ask all the men I please; but you had
‘ better now come home with me, and
‘ give your own answer.’—‘ I fear,’
replied Emily, ‘ that this day se’nnight
‘ I shall not be here, for I expect Mr.
‘ Courteney in a day or two now, and
‘ I think he will be impatient to return
‘ to Dean Abbey.’—‘ Not here! but
‘ indeed

‘ indeed you will be here for as long
‘ as I stay, and so you may make up
‘ your mind to that, and Mr. Courteney
‘ too, if he comes — come, come along,
‘ and don’t talk such nonsense! — not
‘ go to the ball! that would be a good
‘ joke indeed, to go away just before
‘ the day!’ — Belmour cast a look of
dejection towards Emily, which she
appeared not to observe, but taking
lady Clementina’s arm, which she of-
fered, walked on with her, seemingly
attending to all she was saying, and all
she was planning, in consequence of this
intended *fête*; which was to be given
with all the lavish expense of Eastern
magnificence, in honour of the mar-
riage of the nabob’s daughter with a
newly created Irish peer.

· A gloom

A gloom overspread Belmour's countenance all that day—the idea of parting could not indeed be new to him, but he had thought the period more distant—and though the morning following that day, Emily, after the arrival of the post, announced to Lady Clementina before him, that she found Mr. Courteney would be detained by his business in town longer than he had expected, and that she consequently should attend her to the ball; he could not recover that feeling of enjoyment, which, however temporary, had soothed his mind, and enabled him to appear with that degree of animation and gayety, which was natural to him, and which formed one of the great charms of his character.—He now
grew

grew anxious in the extreme, to discover, before they parted, whether or not he were wholly indifferent to Emily; and with the doubt returned to him all the melancholy, which so long had preyed on his soul.—Could he but again behold that look of tenderness, which so enchanted him!—could he but think he was even pitied by Emily; all, it seemed to him, would become supportable!—But the fear of offending, of losing the degree of intimacy and friendship, which he then enjoyed, rendered him cautious to avoid every expression of his sentiments, that might betray the secret of his heart.

CHAP. XVI.

THE days, which preceded the ball, were passed without any new occurrence, in the same easy and familiar society.—On the eve, as they were at supper, lady Clementina declared, that she should take charge of Emily's drefs.—‘ I have,’ said she, ‘ sent for
‘ two drestes from town: they are of
‘ the same make, only of different
‘ colours, and one I destine for you,
‘ my dear,’ turning to Emily, who smiled with a look of surprise—‘ yes,
‘ for you,’ she repeated, ‘ I shall be
‘ affronted, indeed, if you won't wear
‘ it;

‘ it ; and you know, Mrs. Barbara,
‘ your maid, can make any little al-
‘ teration required : and I myself shall
‘ take charge of arranging your head :
‘ —Melford’s *valet de chambre* is the
‘ best *coiffeur* I ever saw, and al-
‘ ways arranges my hair on grand oc-
‘ casions : he shall exert all his skill for
‘ us both—but was there ever such
‘ fine hair as you have ! my dear
‘ Emily,’ said she, taking out the comb
which supported her *chignon*.—‘ I must
‘ see the length of it ;—mercy on
‘ me !’ getting up, and standing as far
off as she could, extending her arm
from her, ‘ was there ever such a
‘ length, and so immensely thick !—
‘ But you do bundle it up so without
‘ the least care or attention !—Well,
‘ no

‘ no matter ! to-morrow I will have
‘ my own way in every thing.—Lord !
‘ I forgot I must dance with that
‘ odious Seeres—he was told, I sup-
‘ pose, to request the *honour* of *my*
‘ *hand* by his *papa*.—I don’t care, you,
‘ Emily, must dance with Belmour ;
‘ for Melford, I know, hates dancing ;
‘ and you know there is no change of
‘ partners here, which is lucky, as *miss*
‘ *Nabob*, and lord—I don’t know
‘ what his name is, must dance together
‘ —but I assure you, my cousin, should
‘ he not have forgotten, is the best
‘ dancer by far I ever saw.—Nay, don’t
‘ make a face, Belmour, for you know
‘ you are.’—‘ I was very fond of
‘ dancing,’ said Belmour, ‘ and by no
‘ means wish to deny it, and’ con-
tinued

tinued he, turning his eyes towards Emily, by whom he was sitting, ‘on
‘ this occasion, I shall think I am so
‘ still.’

Lady Clementina shortly afterward declared, that they must all go to bed, that by a good night’s rest, they might be able to sit up all the night following.—Belmour, as it was his custom, offered Emily his arm, in order to attend her home.—When they got out of the door, the moon shone so brightly, spreading its soft rays over all the surrounding objects, and the stillness and uncommon warmth of the night was so inviting, that Belmour ventured to propose their walking first across the meadow, which leads to the
well.—

well.—Emily consented — they continued to walk for some paces in silence, when Belmour, almost imperceptibly pressing her arm, which was within his, said — ‘ May I hope that you will
‘ allow me to be your partner to-mor-
‘ row ?’ — ‘ Why should you doubt it,’ said she, gently smiling, and turning her eyes towards him. — ‘ Because,’ resumed he with some emotion, ‘ I
‘ doubt all I most wish.’ — ‘ Does
‘ *lord Belmour* say that !’ quickly resumed Emily. — ‘ Who then can boast of
‘ happiness !’ — ‘ Does happiness depend
‘ merely on situation ?’ mournfully replied Belmour. — ‘ It does not,’ said Emily, ‘ but such advantages, as *you*
‘ possess, to a well constituted mind
‘ are never subjects of indifference, but
‘ ought

‘ought to be considered as real blessings.’ — Belmour sighed — ‘And does Mrs. Courteney think *me* happy?’ continued he. — ‘I sincerely wish you to be so,’ said she, with much warmth and eagerness. — ‘I thank you,’ said he, pressing her hand, which he continued to hold till she gently withdrew it. — They were now again at the door of her house. — ‘The night is charming,’ said Belmour, still hoping to prolong their walk. — ‘It is, indeed, but it is late,’ said Emily, ‘good night, and till to-morrow, farewell.’ — ‘Good night then,’ repeated Belmour, bowing respectfully, after he had conducted her to the door. — ‘O! could such moments of delight be continued to me!’ said he.

he to himself—‘but they are passed,
‘never to return! yet still will they
‘be dear to my latest recollection!’
—He again walked across the meadow
—again returned to the house—all was
silent—the moon now sunk apace, and
a light, which then appeared at the
window of his own house, and Ber-
tram, whom he saw stretching his head
out of it, as it seemed in expectation
of him, reminded him, that it was
time to retire.

CHAP. XVII.

THE day following was, on Lady Clementina's part, wholly occupied by preparations for the ball, in which she also engaged Emily so much, that Belmour had less opportunity of seeing her than usual; but when in the evening they met in the parlour at Lady Clementina's, dressed and ready to set out, Belmour, accustomed as he was to Emily's beauty, whose native charms required indeed no ornament, was beyond measure struck with her appearance, and gazed at her for some time, with so much surprise and delight, that

he was recalled, by a rising blush on her cheek, to the recollection, that he must not longer indulge in his admiration—He immediately turned to Lady Clementina, who stood ready to receive his share of praise.—‘Never did I see
‘ any thing so beautiful and so brilliant
‘ as your dresses.’—‘Have I not done
‘ wonders?’ said Lady Clementina; ‘and
‘ look here at her head,’ turning Emily round, ‘I thought I never should have
‘ made her consent, to wear this
‘ diamond *bandeau* of mine, which so
‘ prettily unites these feathers; is it not
‘ charming? We are both, as you see,
‘ dressed exactly alike.’—‘Charming!
‘ indeed,’ repeated Belmour—and nothing certainly could exceed the elegance of their appearance..

Belmour

Belmour too, who was so much more dressed than usual, had heightened the accustomed grace of his fine figure—in short, when the group arrived in the ball-room, which Melford by no means disgraced, being what is called an uncommonly pretty man, all eyes were fixed on them; but after the dancing began, Emily and Belmour alone seemed to attract the attention of the company; they both danced inimitably, and the admiration they excited, was buzzed about in a manner, which they could not fail to hear.—Belmour was in a state of enchantment, which nearly made him forget all prudence—thus to hear his name joined to that of Emily, with such expressions of applause and admiration, over-

powered his senses with ecstasy and delight.

The room grew extremely crowded, and he had ceased to attend to distinguish the by-standers ; when, just as he got to the bottom of a dance, he was surprised, and by no means agreeably, at seeing St. Fort among the lookers on, and Barnvelt by his side.

St. Fort waited till Belmour came pretty close to him, and then advancing a step, with something like a sneer on his countenance, said—‘ this I did *not* expect !—how long have you been returned to England ?’ — Belmour answered him so coldly, that Emily was struck with his manner, and, laughing, said

said in a whisper, ' Pray, tell me who that is? some person, I am sure, that you dislike.'—Belmour smiled; ' You are not wrong,' said he, naming St. Fort.—St. Fort was then no more thought of by them, till, seated at supper, they saw him placed precisely opposite to them at a narrow table.

His eyes, during the supper, were fixed on Emily, with a freedom of admiration, that bordered upon impertinence; then on Belmour, first with a look of inquiry, and then of certainty. All this escaped not Emily's quickness, but evidently distressed her; the degree of gayety and ease, which the amusements of the evening, admirably conducted, had naturally inspired, suddenly

vanished, and gave place in her manner to a degree of reserve, which damped poor Belmour's temporary bliss. He plainly saw whence it arose, and dreaded the effect, which ideas, perhaps newly excited in her mind, might have on her conduct towards him, and the probability of this circumstance, however trifling in itself, putting an end to the unexpected moments of happiness he had enjoyed. He felt too a degree of anger and vexation against St. Fort, which he could scarcely command; yet the more endeavoured to restrain, from a conviction, that nothing would so much gratify his malignant spirit, as having an opportunity slyly of indulging that spite towards

towards him, which he dared not openly avow.

The supper over, lady Clementina rose in a flow of spirits, and insisted on the promise she had obtained from Emily of dancing the *menuet de la cour* with Belmour. ‘I will dance a simple minuet with him first,’ said she, ‘for I never could learn it, and then you shall dance with him, I am determined; so make no objections.’—There was no possibility of refusing; but though the excess of merited applause, which they received from every by-stander, might well gratify their vanity, they neither of them could recover that feeling of gayety, which they

had enjoyed the former part of the evening.

After going over all the walks, which were lighted up in the prettiest manner, and omitting no part of the entertainment, lady Clementina at length proposed to return home. The morning had already dawned before they entered the carriage, and the rays of the sun shortly afterwards spread a sufficient degree of light, for Belmour clearly to distinguish the beautiful, though pale cheek of Emily; her look was thoughtful, and almost dejected, and her fine eyes were less frequently turned towards him, than he was accustomed to see them. When they stopped at her door, Belmour trembled as he alighted to

to hand her out of the carriage, and scarcely ventured to press her hand, as he took leave of her.—‘ I have been ‘ fast asleep,’ cried lady Clementina, rubbing her eyes, ‘ and so I believe ‘ you have all been, for I have never ‘ once heard the sound of your voice ‘ the whole way.—You will come to ‘ dinner to-morrow, as usual ; and you, ‘ cousin, I don’t *ask*.’

CHAP. XVIII.

THE lateness of the entertainment of the preceding night left Belmour little hope of meeting Emily in the morning; he, however, rose, and walked at the accustomed time to a romantic little valley, a favourite scene of Emily's, where, seated at the foot of a tree, he had first seen her drawing.—‘Scenes of
‘ the happiest moments I have passed,’ exclaimed he, casting his eyes around, and sighing bitterly; ‘still, still with
‘ pleasure I behold you, though my
‘ foreboding mind whispers to me,
‘ that the charm which bound me to
‘ you

‘you is lost perhaps for ever!’ —
For a considerable time he stood with his arms folded across his breast, and lost in thought—then suddenly recollecting himself, ‘Yet,’ said he, ‘she is not gone from me, I shall again behold her—but will her eyes be turned to me as usual, with the gentle expression, at least, of friendship?—for thus I have seen them!’—Again he sighed—he was vexed and angry with himself—he felt conscious, that his prudence had in some measure forsaken him the preceding evening, to which a thousand circumstances had unavoidably contributed.—How could he explain?—how could he attempt at an excuse, when he dared not avow the cause of his error?—The feeling of suspense which

he now suffered was intolerable; and after walking about for some time, he was going towards home, with an intention, as he passed, of inquiring at Emily's door whether she were up — when, just as he turned, he perceived St. Fort at a distance, as it seemed, coming towards him. — ‘Curse on thee!’ said he to himself, ‘that thus, like an evil genius, croffest me wherever I go!’ — He knew that if he did not instantly avoid St. Fort, he would tack himself to him, and follow him wherever he went. Pretending, therefore, not to see him, he turned quickly into another path, and by crossing two or three different meadows, easily escaped. It was not doubtful, but that St. Fort would call on lady Clementina, and

that she would invite him to her house, as he was a man of the world, and known to every body. Belmour therefore in idea already saw him established in their society, and dreaded him as a malicious spy over every look, every word he might utter. After rambling about for some hours, Belmour called at lady Clementina's door, and at Emily's, but was told by the servants, that they were still in their rooms; he therefore gave up the hope of seeing Emily that morning, and expected the hour of dinner, when he depended on meeting her at lady Clementina's with anxious impatience.

When Belmour, at the accustomed hour, arrived at his cousin's, she ran forward,

forward, the moment he entered the room, with evident marks of disappointment on her countenance. —

‘ Would you believe it, Belmour,’ said she, ‘ Emily,’ (for so she familiarly called Mrs. Courteney) ‘ has sent me
‘ an excuse, and will not dine here to-
‘ day? — Mr. Courteney,’ she says, ‘ is
‘ just arrived; and though I wrote her
‘ word, that I begged she would bring
‘ him, she will not come, but intreats
‘ of me to *excuse* her. — Indeed but I do
‘ *not* excuse her! — and I think it quite
‘ disagreeable of her. — I am sure, if I
‘ be not to see her as usual, because
‘ Mr. Courteney is come, I shall wish
‘ him hanged! What sort of man is
‘ he? does any body here know him?’
— At the instant dinner was announced,

St.

St. Fort and Barnvelt, whom Belmour at first had not perceived, came forward, and with two other men followed into the eating-room.

Poor Belmour felt a degree of vexation and disappointment, which is not easily to be expressed, and which the presence of St. Fort redoubled, as he saw the necessity of appearing unconcerned.—They were scarcely seated, when St. Fort leaning backwards in his chair, and negligently resting his hand on the table, said, turning to Melford, whom he sat by — ‘ Pray, how
‘ came this beautiful creature to marry
‘ that damned fellow, Courteney?’ Melford was preparing to answer with a look that plainly said, I neither know
nor

nor care; when Barnvelt, interrupting him, asked St. Fort whether it were the same Courteney they were at school with? — ‘I conclude so,’ replied he. — ‘Why
‘ surely then,’ said Barnvelt, ‘he is a
‘ very gentleman-like man, and I re-
‘ member was reckoned an excellent
‘ scholar, and uncommonly clever when
‘ he was a boy. — I have since seen him
‘ accidentally, but not indeed now for
‘ some years, nor did I know what was
‘ become of him: but I believe, St.
‘ Fort,’ continued he, laughing, ‘that
‘ you remember the old story of the
‘ mutton-pie, when you peached out
‘ of spite to a poor boy, who had, inno-
‘ cently you know, gotten you a whip-
‘ ping, and Courteney took his part,
‘ and set all the boys against you, and
‘ it

‘ it passed by a regular vote, that you
‘ should be sent to Coventry.’—‘ Poh !
‘ poh !’ said St. Fort, colouring, ‘ I
‘ know a great deal of Courteney, and
‘ lived a great deal with him, when he
‘ first came to London, and a fine life
‘ he then led !—he *was* completely
‘ ruined—what he *is*, I know not, for
‘ I have never seen or heard of him
‘ since I first went abroad, which is
‘ now many years—but he has all the
‘ pride commonly attached to the col-
‘ lateral branch of a great family ; the
‘ supercilious insolence of a freethinker,
‘ which I know he is ; and an infernal
‘ temper, from which, however, he
‘ suffers more himself than he makes
‘ others suffer ; as no one ever knew
‘ better how to conceal their faults
‘ than

‘ than he does, which he has certainly
‘ both sufficient sense and command
‘ over himself to do completely, when-
‘ ever he chooses it, or thinks it worth
‘ while for any gratification of his
‘ own.’—Having finished this speech,
St. Fort took a pinch of snuff with
much composure, and began his din-
ner.—Poor Emily! said Belmour to
himself, is she then united to such a
being?— Yet an involuntary feeling of
something like relief stole on his imagi-
nation, on the reflection that Mr. Courte-
ney was not *too charming*. The dinner
over, Barnvelt proposed a walk, which,
as the rest of the gentlemen agreed to,
Belmour, who, in expiation of his im-
prudence of the night before, was now
become all caution, did not refuse.—

Lady

Lady Clementina declared, that *she* should go to Mrs. Courteney, and either walk or sit with her, as *she* chose. ‘And I think you are all very shabby,’ said she, ‘for not coming with me, at least to her door, and offering to do the same.’ — Saying this, she flew down stairs—Belmour followed her, presenting his arm, and accompanied her to the door of Mrs. Courteney’s lodging, then bowing gravely, he left her.—‘What is the matter with you, the Lord knows!’ said she, as he walked away, ‘but I can’t stay to inquire, and so farewell till by and by, when I hope I shall find you in better humour.’

Belmour

Belmour felt his spirits so much oppressed, that he sought not to see Emily.—‘All is now over,’ said he to himself, ‘and I remain the melancholy
‘ insulated being Fate seems to have
‘ destined me to be——a few short
‘ days will rob me even of the sight of
‘ all my soul holds dear on earth!’ With these melancholy ideas, Belmour had retired to his own lodging in the evening.—On the following day, however, having received a message from lady Clementina, he obeyed her summons to dinner.—When he arrived, he found the company just sitting down to table, which consisted of the persons named on the preceding day, with the addition of Emily, and a man he had never before seen, and whom, of course,
he

he knew could be no other than Mr. Courteney. His figure was genteel, his face plain, his eyes sharp and penetrating, but a sort of scowl, which hung over his brow, made his countenance less agreeable, than it would naturally have been.—The place by Emily, which Belmour was accustomed to occupy, was still vacant. — Belmour hesitated, when a look from Emily instantly decided him, and he seated himself by her side. — Yet was he not flattered, for the look, though with an expression of much gentleness, merely said, ‘ And why not sit by me to-day, as usual ?’

The company, some from one cause, and some from another, had remained uncommonly

uncommonly silent till towards the end of dinner, when a dispute on German writers arose between St. Fort (who premised, that he was no German scholar, and knew little more of the language, than to ask for what he wanted at an inn, or scold the postillions on the road) and Mr. Courteney, who till that instant had not uttered a word.—The former inveighed against the grossness of the pictures, and exaggeration of sentiment, which the theatrical pieces, in particular, he said, presented to the view.—‘ But they represent Nature,’ said Courteney, with some warmth; and then, smiling ironically, ‘ Nature,’ said he, ‘ indeed may be too gross; and as
‘ for passion, with which they certainly
‘ are replete, that must appear bombastic

‘baſtic to moſt men of the world.’—
Belmour, who had hitherto been ſilently
liſtening to their converſation, addref-
ſing himſelf to St. Fort, ſaid, ‘Surely,
‘St. Fort, we may *admire*, but we
‘ſhould be cautious in *condemning* from
‘translations.—Paſſion is, indeed, of all
‘languages, and may therefore be eaſily
‘translated; but how difficult fairly to
‘render the delicacies of idiom, which
‘alone can expreſs delicacy of feeling!
‘Your lordſhip, I fancy, underſtands
‘German?’ ſaid Mr. Courteney, bow-
ing.—‘I have ſtudied it a good deal,’
replied Belmour, ‘and am, I confeſs,
‘a great admirer of the force and
‘energy of the language, to ſay nothing
‘of the merit of writers, which even,
‘when viewed through the medium
‘of

‘ of indifferent translations, still retain
‘ sufficient force to be read with in-
‘ terest, and even admiration, in spite
‘ of all their real, or supposed faults.’

St. Fort, with a look that expressed you are two to one against me, and perfectly welcome so to be, taking out his snuff-box, turned to the other end of the table, and began talking about the opera for the ensuing season. Mr. Courteney continued for some time in conversation with Belmour, on the merit of the German writers, with evident pleasure at finding himself so well understood. Dinner was no sooner over, than coming up to Emily, he said, ‘ I must beg of you to present
‘ me to lord Belmour, though I fear
‘ I shall profit little by his acquaintance,

‘ as

‘as we are going hence so soon,
‘unless you, Emily, can prevail upon
‘his lordship, to honour us with a visit
‘at Dean Abbey.—It is a strange ro-
‘mantic old place,’ continued he, ad-
dressing his discourse to Belmour,
‘which in that style has its beauties,
‘but it would require the riches of a
‘nabob, to do all that is wanted there.’
—‘Those are the first of beauties any
‘place *can* have in my opinion,’ said
Belmour, ‘and I shall hope to express
‘my admiration of Dean Abbey, long
‘before the nabob’s *improvements* take
‘place.’—At this moment, lady Cle-
mentina called to Emily, whom she
followed into the drawing-room. From
that time, Belmour and Mr. Courteney
were much together for the few re-
VOL. II. K maining

maining days they passed at Cheltenham, and it was agreed between them, that Belmour should come to Dean Abbey on his return from Wales, whither, in reality, he had accidentally said he was going, on being asked one day, somewhat suddenly by St. Fort, what brought him to Cheltenham, and whither he was going afterward.—Belmour had no opportunity of inquiring particularly of Emily, whether his visit to Dean Abbey would be agreeable to her; and the offer made him by Mr. Courteney he felt an indulgence, that he could not resist; it secured to him, he thought, the liberty from time to time of seeing Emily, a blessing of which he had lately wholly despaired.—As a *friend*, said he to himself,

himself, I may one day hope to interest her, and every sentiment, that can offend, shall be carefully secreted within the last recesses of my burning heart.

The society at Cheltenham separated with real regret on the part of lady Clementina and Emily, the former declaring, that, if Mr. Courteney were so *stupid*, as not to come to town in the winter, she should come and *torment* him at Dean Abbey.—St. Fort made several vain attempts, to renew his former intimacy with Mr. Courteney, who openly treated him with the greatest coldness; and Barnvelt, in his usual way on such occasions, tried to attach himself to *all*, or any of

K 2 the

the party; which in the present instance, unfortunately for him, so wholly failed of success, that he could not even get a companion to bear half the expense of his hackney-chaise to town.

CHAP. XIX.

THE solitude of Belmour's tour in Wales, the romantic scenes which had been presented to his view in that country, were by no means calculated to lessen the force of the impressions, with which he left Cheltenham.—He arrived at Dean Abbey in less than a month from the time when he parted with Mr. and Mrs. Courteney, and alighted with a beating heart at the gate, by which he had before entered, but which was now, as well as the house door, thrown immediately open for him. Mr. Courteney he found in the hall, who

came forward to meet him.—‘ This is
‘ kind, indeed,’ said he, and after shaking
hands he led him up stairs.—‘ Emily,’
he continued, ‘ is expecting you, I am
‘ sure, as by your letter we counted
‘ upon your arrival before dinner, for
‘ the roads at this time of the year are
‘ excellent.’

Belmour was happy, that he had
little more to do, than to bow, in answer
to this and many other civilities ex-
pressed in the most cordial and polite
terms by Mr. Courteney, as they as-
cended an immense old staircase, tra-
versed a long gallery, and several other
rooms, till at last they came to that, in
which they found Emily.—She ad-
vanced towards them with a look so
expressive

expressive of the pleasure she had in again seeing Belmour, that he could not doubt, but that his coming was at least not considered by her as an offence.—Yet that look was so placid, so indicative, as he thought, of a mind composed and serene, that it inspired him with a degree of shame for the perturbation of his own, which added to the embarrassment he already felt.

‘ I know not how I have ventured
‘ to invite you,’ said Mr. Courteney,
‘ to this strange uncomfortable place,
‘ where we live almost like hermits—
‘ for neighbours we see none, and so
‘ small a part of this old mansion
‘ has yet been furnished since I came
‘ to my estate, that I have very few
‘ rooms

‘ rooms to accommodate visitors; and
‘ I will confess,’ continued he, advancing his chin, and drawing down the corners of his mouth, ‘ that I do
‘ not feel impatient to have better, at
‘ least *more* apartments to dispose of.—
‘ I *have* lived in the world, and know
‘ what *the world* is.’—At this moment dinner was announced, which put an end to Mr. Courteney’s discourse.

During dinner, as Belmour anxiously watched every look of Emily’s, he plainly perceived those traces of melancholy on her countenance, which had struck him from the first of their acquaintance, much increased.—
‘ Strange!’ said he to himself—‘ I
‘ know not how to wish her happy
‘ with

‘ with another, yet cannot bear to think
‘ she suffers !’

The rest of the day passed in conversation, in walking, and in examining the building, which had been immense, and now, the greatest part being in ruins, presented on the outside the most beautiful and picturesque object imaginable, to the eye of taste.—Such was Belmour’s, and his unfeigned admiration and praise seemed to please Mr. Courteney, who was evidently vain of its antiquity.—‘ Emily,’ said he, ‘ finds many
‘ subjects here to exercise her pencil,
‘ which the trim walls of a modern
‘ building would not afford. — She
‘ shall by and by show you some of
‘ her drawings.’—‘ I know,’ said Bel-

mour, looking at her with some earnestness, ‘ that Mrs Courteney succeeds
‘ not less in her drawings of build-
‘ ings, than in landscapes.’—Emily coloured, and without looking at him, shortly afterwards changed the discourse.—She had not forgotten what had passed at Cheltenham, where Belmour had hinted at the same subject.—‘ You must now come to my garden,’ said she, leading them towards the very terrace from which Belmour had seen her at the window—‘ where we shall
‘ find a seat, for I am really fatigued,
‘ and the evening is so warm and so
‘ delightful, that I think it will be
‘ pleasanter there than in the house.’—
‘ You always think it *pleasanter* there,
‘ than any where else,’ said Mr.
Courteney,

Courteney, smiling ; ‘ and I must confess, that you have made the most of
‘ all the old rose-bushes and honeysuckles, which they say were planted
‘ by my great grandmother. She lived,
‘ I believe, to near a hundred, and for
‘ the last fifty years of her life never once
‘ stirred from this place. Her whole
‘ and sole amusement and occupation
‘ were planting flowers on the sides of
‘ that terrace, to which, latterly, she
‘ used regularly every day, whatever
‘ the weather, to be carried, when from
‘ extreme old age she could no longer
‘ walk. ‘ And there,’ continued he, holding out his arm and pointing as they advanced on the terrace, ‘ is her
‘ arbour, as it is called, though, I believe, like the good ship Argo, it re-

‘ tains the honour of its name, long
‘ since the existence of any remains of
‘ its component parts.’—They were
by this time come to a bench, near
which were quantities of honeysuckles
of immense growth, twining over a
broken piece of old wall, which joined
the house.—Here they seated them-
selves, and the calm stillness and warmth
of the evening, increasing the odour
of the flowers, rendered the situation
more than usually agreeable; from that
side of the building only, indeed, was
there any sort of prospect, and this
prospect was chiefly over the tops of
trees (the terrace being raised above
them), and thus extended to the view
of a distant country; for, notwithstand-
ing its picturesque beauties, nothing
could

could be more gloomy than the situation of the Abbey, which stood detached from any town or village, in the middle of a large park, ill kept, and for the most part overgrown with thorn trees and furze. A long dark avenue of sycamores led to the principal gate, and, except that part of the house immediately above the terrace, the whole building was surrounded by lofty trees irregularly placed, the branches of which in some places hung over the roof. The inside of the house entirely corresponded with the outside ; and of the habitable apartments those, that were furnished, contained the remnants of ancient magnificence—tattered arras, high-backed ebony chairs, heavy, carved, and almost immovable tables, covered with faded

Persian

Persian carpets.—Family portraits were every where to be seen; some really curious, others destined to cover the white-washed walls of the long passages, which communicated from one apartment to another, many of them half dropping out of their worm-eaten frames.

Belmour had for some time remained silently seated by Emily, who herself appeared absorbed in thought, when Mr. Courteney observed, that the dew was falling fast, and that it was almost dark; and proposed returning to the house.—
‘ And we will sit, my dear Emily,’ said he, ‘ if you please, in your room; for lord Belmour is, I find, as fond of music as I am; and I should much
‘ wish

‘ wish him to hear the organ, which
‘ you have had placed there. It is
‘ one,’ continued he, turning to Bel-
mour, ‘ which my father had made by
‘ that famous maker—I forget his
‘ name—but it is on the instrument.—
‘ My father was a great musician—
‘ but indeed he scarcely ever lived here,
‘ and it has, for ages past, been little
‘ used till now.’ He then led towards
the house—they followed.—After tra-
versing the great gallery, they found at
the end of it a door, opening into
the room of which Mr. Courteney had
spoken, and which Belmour had scarcely
entered, before from its position he gues-
sed it to be the same, at the window of
which he had seen Emily.—‘ This
‘ room, I see, looks to the terrace,’ said
Belmour,

Belmour, putting his head out of the window. ‘It does,’ replied Emily, with a look rather of surprise at his eager manner in making, what appeared in itself a remark of so much indifference.

Shortly afterwards, at their desire, she sat down to the organ.—The instrument was admirable; capable, notwithstanding its force and fullness, of being reduced by certain stops to the softness necessary to accompany her divine voice. Belmour sat enraptured, with his eyes fixed on her in silent admiration, at times wholly unmindful of the presence of Mr. Courteney.

In the course of the evening he ventured

tured, not without a heavy sigh, to ask for some of the airs, which he had heard her sing at Belmour castle. She immediately began, and sang over most of them, without having recourse to her music book: but seemed purposely to avoid looking towards Belmour.

Mr. Courteney, who had then walked into the gallery, returning into the room, requested her to repeat the song she had just finished as he entered—This she did, singing with the most peculiar softness and expression—her eyes too then involuntarily, as it seemed, met Belmour's with a tender expression of melancholy, which penetrated him to the heart.

The evening over, when Belmour retired to his apartment, all that he had seen that day, with the addition of a thousand painful reflections, crowded on his imagination.—He sat lost in thought—his arm resting on a table, and his hand closely pressed before his eyes—then, withdrawing his hand, he cast them round the room—it was large, and rendered so dark by its furniture, that the two candles, placed in the massy silver candlesticks, which stood on the ebony table on which he leant, scarcely extended their light beyond the space immediately surrounding them. Belmour, taking up one of the candles, walked slowly round the room. At one end was a bed of dark green velvet, with a broad gold fringe, which was
in

in absolute tatters—the tester nearly reached the ceiling, and the head was ornamented with the family arms, embroidered in gold, silver, and coloured silks, but so tarnished and faded, that little but the design was to be distinguished. The hangings, which were in the old style some way from the wall, were of tapestry, but fallen into decay. The chairs, glass frames, and other furniture, &c. were of ebony, and the floor from age, being of oak, nearly of the same hue. This room, indeed, which was plainly the state-room, perfectly accorded with the remainder of the apartments. ‘ Good Heaven !’ exclaimed Belmour, throwing himself on a chair, ‘ and is Emily destined to pass her days in this gloomy mansion ?—
‘ Oh

‘ Oh fate ! have I deserved this ?—du-
‘ ty,—affection for a father, have un-
‘ done me !—but Courteney is per-
‘ haps beloved—if so, ’tis well—may
‘ she be happy !—I will not repine.—
‘ Yet, why does fortune mock me, by
‘ showering down so many vain gifts
‘ on my head, while she thus robs me
‘ of the only blessing, which, in my
‘ estimation, could have given them
‘ value ?—Emily ! Emily ! didst thou
‘ but know how thou art beloved !’—
Thus did Belmour continue for a con-
siderable time in an agony of grief and
passion, and the morning began to dawn,
before he had thought of taking any rest.
The day-light, which appeared through
the many openings and crevices of the
shutters, reminded him at last of the
hour :

hour: he then threw himself on his bed, where, exhausted by fatigue, his eyelids were closed by an interrupted sleep.

CHAP. XX.

BELMOUR awoke much later than his accustomed time. Bertram was already in his room, but judging, from his master's looks, that he was not disposed to speak, he prepared what was necessary in silence, not without much curiosity to discover what had disturbed, as it appeared something had, his master's rest, and why he had not undressed on the preceding night. Belmour, when he entered the drawing-room, found Emily already seated at the breakfast table. Mr. Courteney, getting up, said, ' I have been for some time ex-
' pecting

‘pecting you, knowing your lordship
‘to be an early riser; but I fear you
‘have not slept well, our bedchambers
‘are but uncomfortable.’ ‘I have
‘slept perfectly well,’ replied Belmour,
seating himself at the breakfast table. ‘I
‘had gotten some of my German trans-
‘lations ready,’ continued Mr. Cour-
teney, ‘and, I confess, had a plan of
‘showing them to you before break-
‘fast for your criticism, as Emily,
‘though as good a classic scholar as
‘Dr. Stanmore himself, in this cannot
‘assist me; and I meant for that pur-
‘pose to way-lay you, as you came out
‘of your room; but we shall, I trust,
‘have time sufficient. You will not, I
‘hope, think of leaving us soon? I have
‘indeed ventured on this supposition,
‘and

‘ and asked Barnvelt to meet you here ;
‘ he is a very old acquaintance of mine,
‘ a good-natured fellow as ever lived,
‘ and I understand a particular friend
‘ of your lordship’s.’ ‘ Not particu-
‘ larly so,’ replied Belmour. ‘ Humph !
‘ I thought he was,’ said Mr. Courte-
ney. ‘ But I certainly do not require
‘ any society at Dean Abbey,’ conti-
nued Belmour, ‘but that I have already
‘ had the honour of being admitted to ;
‘ and while I am allowed to enjoy *that*
‘ society, I shall think myself sufficiently
‘ fortunate.’ Emily, while they were
speaking, examined Belmour’s wan,
dejected countenance, with a look of
interest, but joined not in the conver-
sation.

Breakfast over, Belmour, who was examining the pictures, had walked into the gallery. Mr. Courtenay, as he left the room, following him with his eyes, said,—‘I really pity that young man—with every advantage nature or fortune can give, it is hard to suffer, as I plainly see he does, from an unhappy passion.’

Emily changed colour—Mr. Courtenay, still looking towards the door, continued, ‘Barnvelt told me the whole story.—I wonder, when the lady had been detected, and after so long a time, that he has not conquered his passion—but there is, after all, no accounting for these things.—I am not apt, as I believe you know, to

VOL. II. L take

‘ take fancies to people, but any one
‘ so well informed, with evidently such
‘ superiour talents, and so unassuming
‘ as lord Belmour, I think I never saw ;
‘ and indeed new friends,’ continued
he with a sarcastic smile, ‘ are often
‘ better than old ones, because we trust
‘ them less, and therefore we are less
‘ likely to be deceived.’ This solilo-
quy was interrupted by Belmour’s re-
turning into the room. Mr. Courte-
nay then proposed riding, to which
Emily and Belmour assented, and Mr.
Courtenay went out of the room, saying
he would order the horses.

They remained for some time silent
—Emily could not immediately reco-
ver from the agitation of mind occa-
sioned

sioned by what Mr. Courtenay had just said.—That he should be so much deceived, far from giving her any satisfaction, seemed to awaken self-reproach in her breast; a sensation to which she was wholly unused.

She looked towards Belmour, who seemed as if expecting that she should speak to him, then towards the window, near which she was sitting, and then, to Belmour's infinite disappointment, got up, saying, that she should go and tie up some roses, which she saw had fallen from the wall. After a deep sigh, Belmour followed in silence. He was now accustomed to find a temporary relief even from the violence of his passion in the charm of Emily's conversation,

versation, which he at that moment felt particularly to require. Such, indeed, was her superiour sense and reason, tempered by mildness and sensibility, that Belmour sometimes, while he listened with rapture to her conversation, thought that he could be content only to continue thus her friend. Vain imagination, which the subsequent moment destroyed !

Belmour, after assisting in tying up the roses, ventured to ask Emily, as she still neither spoke, nor looked towards him, whether any thing had disturbed her.—‘ Nothing worth mentioning,’ said she.—‘ Nothing, I assure you.—I shall be better after my ride.—I fancy the horses are by this time nearly ready;’
saying

saying which, she walked again towards the house ; and, as she evidently avoided his inquiries, Belmour dared not further insist. The day passed much as the preceding one had done, ending, as it was Emily's custom, with her favourite terrace, where she constantly walked, or sat on the different benches, till it was time to retire for the evening to the house.

Nearly a fortnight passed without any particular incident, except the arrival of Barnvelt, and, as it seemed by no means to the satisfaction of Mr. Courtenay, of St. Fort ; who Barnvelt wrote word, was his companion on a tour he was making, and he *concluded* he might bring him. After

reading the letter from Barnvelt, announcing their coming, Mr. Courtenay threw it on the table towards Emily, with an expression of ill-humour and violence, which made her start—‘there,’ said he, ‘as usual! one can never allow *one* fool or knave to come within one’s doors, but he is followed by half a dozen more! But, by God! I shall soon again adhere to my own system!’

It was the first time since Belmour’s acquaintance with him, that Mr. Courtenay had been betrayed into any similar impetuosity, although Belmour often thought, that St. Fort was not wholly mistaken in the character he had drawn of him. That he was uncommonly
sensible

fenfible, it was impossible not to perceive; but although his manner, when he chose it, was even captivating, there still lurked a dry moroseness in his eye, which seemed plainly to indicate, what he *might* be, if offended.

To Emily he always spoke with kindness, respect, and attention, and evidently showed for her the greatest admiration.—After reading the letter, Emily said, ‘It is but for a few days.’ ‘True, it is but for a few days,’ continued he, recollecting himself, and apparently ashamed of the warmth, into which he had been led—he then endeavoured to laugh off what he had said, as a mere joke; which Emily, though by far too clear-sighted to be
L 4 deceived,

deceived, from prudence affected to believe. Belmour was, in his heart, as much provoked at this intrusion of St. Fort's, as Mr. Courtenay—he dreaded both his penetration and his malice, and once thought actually of leaving Dean Abbey before he came; but not having sufficient resolution, he persuaded himself, that Mr. Courtenay would think it uncivil.

It was now some days since the arrival of Barnvelt and St. Fort, during which time the latter had, without the least success, exhausted the secret and dangerous poison of his sly and artful flattery, in the hope of ingratiating himself with Emily; whose powerful charms failed not to affect his senses,

though

though none could reach his cold unfeeling heart; when, breakfast being just over, a servant happened to bring Mr. Courtenay a letter from some one of the neighbours, which required an immediate answer. Mr. Courtenay got up, and after searching about with some impatience, exclaimed—‘Where
‘ is the inkstand, which I have often so
‘ positively ordered should be left
‘ here? if one do not use a thing of
‘ this sort every day oneself, it is sure
‘ to be taken away.’—‘I did not take
‘ it, your honour,’ said the servant, looking frightened; ‘I will ask Thomas.’—Thomas, at the moment, came into the room.—‘His honour wants
‘ the silver inkstand.’—‘The silver
‘ inkstand? why ’tis here to be sure!’

muttered he to his companions, then to himself—‘but it is *not* here,’—then lifting up his hand with an air of triumph, ‘but *I know where* it is—sure enough it is behind the window shutter in the great hall, and has been ever since I carried it down to my lord there—the day *as* his lordship came here, before my mistress went to Cheltenham—I will see in a moment, and fetch it up.’—‘Thou art distracted,’ said Mr. Courtenay to the man as he went out.—‘What can the fellow mean?’ continued he, looking full at Emily.—‘I really cannot guess,’ said she, with a look of the utmost astonishment.—‘I always understood, that you had never seen this place, till I had the honour of showing it

to.

‘to you?’ said Mr. Courtenay, turning to Belmour—Belmour, colouring violently, said, ‘I never did—that is, I only called in my way to Cheltenham, to pay my respects to Mrs. Courtenay, when I had not the good fortune to find her at home—and I remember taking the liberty to ask for pen and ink, to write my name; which is, I suppose, what the servant means.’

Mr. Courtenay did not appear perfectly satisfied with this explanation, but made no remark. The servant returned with the inkstand, and setting it down directly before his master, looked at Belmour; ‘Your lordship remembers, I am *sartain*, that your lordship said you wanted to write a

L. 6

‘letter;

‘ letter; and then when I brought the
‘ pen and ink into the great hall, where
‘ your lordship was walking about:
‘ your lordship said *as how* it was no
‘ matter, and that you would not
‘ write—’ ‘ Enough,’ said Mr. Cour-
tenay, peevishly, ‘ leave the inkstand,
‘ and get about your business.’—St.
Fort, without turning his head, cast a
significant glance towards Barnvelt, who
had fixed his eyes on the table before
which he was sitting, and did not choose
to raise them—a general silence en-
sued, and, when Mr. Courtenay had
finished his note, the company dispersed.
As they were all going different ways,
Emily came up to Belmour, and in a
tone of half-reproach asked him what
could be the reason, that he had never
mentioned

mentioned to her his having been at Dean Abbey.—‘ Alas!’ said he, ‘ what
‘ has long been *the reason* of any thing
‘ I have done, but the fear of displeasing
‘ you? (of deceit you cannot suspect
‘ me) and now,’ continued he, ‘ that
‘ poor hope deserts me! you are, I see,
‘ offended.—‘ Indeed, I am not *offend-*
‘ *ed*,’ resumed she, ‘ but I must speak
‘ seriously to you, you have made it
‘ necessary—it is not now a time—you
‘ are expected—I shall join you all by
‘ the time the horses are ready,’ continued she, turning to go towards her own apartment.—Belmour, who had changed colour several times during this short conversation, unable to reply, offered not to detain her. ‘ I know my
‘ fate,’ said he to himself, ‘ and my own
‘ impru-

‘ imprudence has undone me.’ Belmour however determined, if possible, not to encourage the impertinent surmises of St. Fort, which had by no means escaped his observation ; and for this purpose, by a thousand vain attempts at ease and unconcern, endeavoured to conceal the real anguish of his mind. The day following was appointed for the departure of Barnvelt and St. Fort, which accordingly took place.

Belmour had talked of the same period for his departure, but still lingered on, unable to resolve on leaving Emily, although every thing tended to convince him of the necessity of that resolution. Mr. Courtenay had, of late,
but

But slightly opposed his going, and had treated him with a coldness and reserve of manner which, however tempered by perfect politeness, was the very reverse of that cordial expression of sentiment, which he had experienced from him on their first acquaintance.

Emily he could not consult—he felt it every day more impossible for him, to attempt speaking to her in the calm language of friendship—His, indeed, was the habit of seeing Emily, in which Belmour had of late indulged, calculated to reduce a passion, which, in its infancy, had resisted both time and absence, to the sober dictates of reason and prudence.—The peculiar elegance of her figure charmed in every action; whether

whether she rode, or danced, or walked, the unaffected grace of her beautiful and airy form could but increase that admiration, with which he had been inspired from the first moment he saw her; while the superiour charms of her conversation, enlivened by a brilliant imagination, and accompanied by an unassuming modesty and simplicity of manner, secured the affections of a heart like Belmour's, capable of the purest and most delicate passion.—This passion he now no longer wished to conquer, but rather considered the melancholy void, which he must then feel in his breast, as a misfortune—for too deep and too serious was the nature of his attachment, to admit either of change or substitute.

CHAP. XXI.

Two days had now passed, since Barnvelt and St Fort had been gone, still Belmour remained, and could not determine on going.—Mr. Courtenay began, he thought, to appear less reserved to him, than he had done of late; and he flattered himself, at some moments, with the hope of fixing a period for his return.—At others, all hope faded before his imagination—‘Never,’ he repeated to himself, ‘shall I see her more—we now part for ever.’—Impressed with this idea, he had not sought any opportunity of particular conversation with
Emily,

Emily, feeling convinced from what she had said to him on the day which preceded St. Fort's departure, and from other expressions which, at different times, he had collected from her, that she meant to speak to him on the subject of his leaving Dean Abbey.

Occupied with these painful reflections, Mr. Courtenay having taken his leave after breakfast, saying, that he had a visit to make a few miles off: Belmour had, for some time, been walking to and fro on the terrace already mentioned, which, at the further end, terminated in what was called the labyrinth walks, formed of thick yew hedges, with here and there recesses, in which there were benches. Belmour, almost

almost unknowing which way he went, had strolled beyond the terrace into these walks; when suddenly, on turning his head, he perceived Emily pensively seated on one of the benches.—His first impulse, thinking himself unobserved, was to retire; when finding that he was seen by her, he advanced.—‘Were you avoiding me?’ said she, ‘but I really must speak to you.’—Here she paused, making him a sign to sit down by her—Belmour obeyed in silence, and with his eyes fixed on the ground—then, after gently raising them, and turning towards Emily, he started—‘You are not well,’ said he, ‘what, for?’ ‘Heaven’s sake, is the matter!’—‘I am not *well*, indeed,’ she replied;—‘*can* I be so?’—Belmour,’ continued she

she in a solemn tone—‘ ’tis in vain we
‘ attempt longer to deceive ourselves—
‘ we *must* part.’—It was the first time
she had used this familiar appellation;
and to be thus addressed by Emily, for
an instant charmed, as it were, his every
sense—he then turned pale—‘ Let us,’
said she, endeavouring to force a smile,
‘ let us hope one day again to meet,
‘ and not by an ill-timed delay prevent
‘ the possibility of——’ ‘ No, no,’ said
Belmour, ‘ we meet no more !—I see my
‘ fate, and submit!’—he then covered
his eyes with his hand, and was going—
‘ Stay, I conjure you!’ said Emily, tak-
ing hold of his arm, ‘ you do not, I am
‘ sure, wish to make me more wretched
‘ —let me at least suffer for one I can
‘ approve, and restrain for my sake this
‘ violence

‘ violence of passion, which would disgrace the finer feelings of the heart.’ The suppliant expression of her countenance as she spoke was so touching, that Belmour, falling at her feet, begged her forgiveness, and in a tone of resignation said, ‘ I *will* obey thee— ‘ whither shall I go ?’—‘ *That* I cannot direct,’ said she, bursting into tears, ‘ ’tis enough, that I have bid you leave me—I do not wish to deceive you,’ said she, recovering herself, and making him a sign to rise and again sit by her,— ‘ the attempt indeed would be vain ! or affect an indifference for you, which my heart cannot feel—but—*hear me,*’ continued she, seeing that he was going to interrupt her—‘ how much more does not this avowal increase the necessity

‘ cessity

‘ necessity of our parting ! we must not,
‘ while we *talk* virtue, *practise* vice—
‘ no, my friend,’ said she, gently pressing
his hand, ‘ you would not have Emily
‘ thus degraded ; thanks to that be-
‘ nevolent power, who has hitherto
‘ protected, guarded, and supported
‘ me, I have never known guilt, and
‘ now its weight would be intolerable
‘ to me—save me, therefore, and by
‘ your ready acquiescence, spare me
‘ the necessity of still more painful
‘ exertion. You know, too, Mr. Cour-
‘ tenay—his opinion of me, and his
‘ confidence—can I hazard losing this,
‘ and becoming a prey to suspicion and
‘ mistrust !—I will say more—I mis-
‘ take, or of late he has not been wholly
‘ free from suspicion, though not a

‘ hint has yet passed his lips on the subject. He is, I know, conscious of the quickness and violence of his temper, and at constant war with himself, to curb its baneful effects—but I hear some one coming—think of the immediate means of separation—remember I *depend* on you.’ ‘ This is not,’ said Belmour, starting with agony, ‘ a last farewell!’—‘ It is not,’ Emily hastily replied, ‘ to-morrow order your chaise; I will then for a moment see you first—’ ‘ You promise;’—‘ I *promise*.’—By this time the footsteps drew near—Belmour rose, and with precipitation turned down a close walk, which secreted him from the view of the person he heard coming: but walking with hurried steps, unmindful

mindful of which way he went, he was suddenly met by Mr. Courtenay, who stared at him in a way plainly to indicate his surprise at the disordered looks of poor Belmour. Mr. Courtenay, however, after considering him for a few seconds, passed on, saying, coldly, that it was a fine day.

The footsteps which had been heard were those of a servant; who, having delivered his message to Emily, had retired; and she, when Mr. Courtenay came up to her, (thinking herself alone) was sitting with her handkerchief closely pressed to her eyes. ‘You seem un-
‘well,’ said he, with an inward and agitated voice—Emily started—‘I did
‘not see you,’ said she, somewhat in
confusion.

confusion. ‘I *believe* it,’ replied he, dryly, and with a half-sneer on his countenance, ‘but I deferred my intended visit, on finding since, by a letter which I received, that I am to expect a person here on particular business, either to-day or to-morrow.’—Then, as it seemed recollecting himself, he inquired about her health with an expression of interest—‘was it the head ach?’—She said it was, and that she had been, in addition, oppressed by a dreadful lowness the whole day. Mr. Courtenay then drew nearer to her, offering her his arm as she rose from her seat, which she accepted; and finding him almost imperceptibly press her’s to his side, as they walked on together, her tears flowed fast, dropping

on her hand, he raised it to his mouth, affectionately kissing them away : this was too much, and Emily hurrying on towards the house by a walk, which led immediately to one of the doors ; she entreated of her husband to allow her to go to her room, saying, that being alone would best recover her—that she shortly should be better.

Belmour, who determined in every thing to obey Emily, and to avoid, to the utmost of his power, all chance of wounding her future peace of mind by any imprudence, that might escape him from the pain he felt at this cruel parting, behaved throughout the day, while in the presence of Mr. Courtenay, with apparent unconcern, and asked
his

his commands for London, whither, he said, he was going, with composure. The paleness of his cheek, and dejection of his eyes, might indeed plainly have shown, that some hidden uneasiness preyed on his mind, even to one of less penetration than Mr. Courtenay; but he either did not, or affected not to observe any thing particular in Belmour's looks, or manner; keeping however only to the strict rules of good breeding in his *regrets* at his going, and *hopes* that he would return.

Belmour's conduct on this trying occasion was not lost on Emily. 'I thank you,' said she, at a moment when she was not overheard by Mr. Courtenay; *this is* kind indeed; and be assured, *that*

M 2

‘ that *such* marks of real attachment
‘ will ever be remembered by me with
‘ the most grateful satisfaction.’ Bel-
mour answered only by a sigh. The
remainder of the day passed nearly in the
usual manner, except that the evening’s
music (Emily’s singing, accompanied by
the organ) was somewhat prolonged by
Belmour’s having several times en-
treated to have some of the airs repeat-
ed, finishing by that he had first heard
her sing, when unseen himself, at
Belmour Castle; this was almost too
much for poor Emily, who, however,
with the most pathetic expression, got
through it, and supper having been for
some time before announced, the even-
ing closed.

On the morning following, Belmour's chaise was ordered to be ready immediately after breakfast, and he thought only of the last farewell he was shortly to take of Emily. Breakfast over, and nothing apparently preventing Belmour's going, Emily grew thoughtful, revolving in her mind how she should accomplish her promise; when she was relieved from her embarrassment, by a servant whispering to Mr. Courtenay, that a person was come from town, who wished to speak to him immediately. 'Show him into my room,' said Mr. Courtenay, with a look of some agitation. Belmour immediately, on a hint which Emily gave him, held out his hand to Mr. Courtenay, saying, he begged not to detain him,

that his chaise must be ready, and that, with a thousand thanks for all his kindness, he took his leave. Mr. Courtenay, after a moment's hesitation, shook hands with him, then left the room, saying, that he still hoped to return before he went, and again wish him a good journey, but that he must instantly speak to the person who was in his room, as he knew that he was pressed for time.

Emily immediately rose from the table, before which she was sitting—‘ I have, ‘ you see, performed my promise,’ said she, casting a look of pity on Belmour; ‘ and now let our farewell be brief,’—her voice faltered—‘ Again I thank you,’ continued she, holding out her trembling hand to him, ‘ for this touch-
‘ ing

‘ing mark of your affection, I now
‘have at least *one* heart-felt consolation
‘in the remembrance of your faultless
‘character.’—Belmour gently pressed
her hand to his clay-cold lips, but spoke
not.—‘Farewell,’ she mournfully re-
peated, as he stood motionless before
her—‘farewell,’ — then waving her
hand, she left the room.

Belmour for a time remained fixed
to the same spot where he had stood—
then fearing Mr. Courtenay might re-
turn, and sensible that he ought by all
means to avoid being seen by him in
the state of agony and disorder, in which
he felt himself, left the room, hurried
down stairs, and after casting a last

melancholy look towards the Abbey, threw himself into his chaise, which stood waiting at the gate, and stopped not till he came to London.

CHAP. XXII.

ARRIVED in town, as he alighted at his door, Belmour was by chance met by doctor Seward, who, begging pardon for his intrusion, followed him into his house.—‘ You must excuse me, my
‘ dear lord,’ said he, ‘ but I cannot resist this opportunity of just inquiring
‘ after you, it is such an age since I have
‘ seen you, and,’ taking his hand, ‘ you
‘ will, I am sure, forgive me.’—Belmour, as he looked at him, felt his eyes filled with tears, the first he had shed since he left Emily.—Doctor Seward had been the favourite and confidential
M 5 physician

physician of his father, was the person sent for from London to attend him during his last illness, and had again returned to Belmour Castle just before his death, since which period, Belmour and he now met for the first time.—‘ You are kind,’ said Belmour, returning his salute to him, ‘ I am very well, I thank you.’ ‘ I fear otherwise,’ replied doctor Seward, looking steadfastly at him, and still holding his hand.—‘ Come, come, my dearest lord, you shall not thus escape from an old friend, but sit down, I intreat it of you, in this parlour.’—Belmour allowed himself to be led into the parlour, where he was scarcely seated, but he fell back senseless in his chair.—Doctor Seward calling for the
immediate

immediate assistance of his servants, saw him carried to his bed.—Here he remained in an almost hopeless state for nearly three weeks, a raging fever, accompanied by delirium, having manifested itself immediately after he was put to bed, and but too well justified the physician's apprehensions.—Doctor Seward giving up almost all other attendance, scarcely quitted Belmour's room, or even his bed-side, during this long period of imminent danger, for such it was; judging it absolutely necessary, that every turn of the disorder should be watched with the most minute exactness and feeling, and that if others surpassed him in skill, none could rival him in his sincere and anxious wishes

for the welfare of his patient, so that he took the whole responsibility on himself.

On the first return of reason and recollection, Belmour expressed much uneasiness at what he might in his delirium have uttered.—He feared, for the sake of Emily, least the secret of his heart should have been revealed!—
‘ Rest secure, my dear lord,’ said doctor Seward, immediately comprehending his meaning, ‘ I have myself constantly attended you, and you have not, on my honour, uttered a single expression, that even an indifferent person might not have heard.—You frequently, it is true, in your delirium, called on some beloved ob-
ject,

‘ject, whom you even at times thought
‘present, but named her not.’ ‘I
‘thank you,’ said Belmour, raising his
languid eyes towards his friend, ‘this
‘was indeed kind, and since *you* have
‘watched me, I care not what I may
‘have said.’—The doctor then fearing
greater exertion might, in his weak
state, fatigue him, forbade any further
conversation.

The next morning, perceiving him
considerably refreshed by the rest,
which, during the foregoing night, he
had been able to take, the doctor
ventured to give him several letters,
which had been brought at different
times for him during his illness.—On
receiving the letters, he eagerly seized
on

on one of them, which with uplifted eyes he pressed to his lips.—‘ This is ‘ indeed a balm!’ said he—he then made a sign to the doctor, that he wished to be alone, who immediately retired.—Belmour was no sooner alone, than with trembling hands he opened the letter, which it will be easily guessed was from Emily—It had been written and sent to his house a few days after his leaving Dean Abbey.—The words of Emily were kind, tender, and impressive.—She intreated of him to take care of himself—to remember her as *she deserved*—but at the same time exhorted him, not to attempt writing to her, or seeing her, as he valued her future quiet and peace of mind.—This, she said, was the last time he was to expect

expect to hear from her.—‘An *in-*
‘*different* letter I would not,’ added
she, ‘receive from *Belmour*, and a
‘clandestine correspondence, such as
‘ours must become, *never* can be car-
‘ried on with innocence.’—She then,
after some details relative to *Belmour*
and herself, ended by saying, ‘if we
‘cannot be happy, let us, my friend,
‘*deserve* to be so, and trust to that
‘Divine Power, who, never wholly
‘abandoning innocence and virtue,
‘will restore peace to our bosoms.’

Belmour, with a look of resignation,
after repeatedly kissing the letter, put
it into his bosom.—‘I could,’ said he,
sighing, ‘have wished once to have
‘thanked my *Emily* for this unex-
‘pected

‘pected favour ; but she will have it
‘ otherwise, and the future care of my
‘ life shall be, since I cannot contribute
‘ to her happiness, at least not to dis-
‘ turb that peace of mind, which she so
‘ justly values.’

CHAP. XXIII.

BELMOUR'S recovery was slow; an extreme languor succeeded the violence of his disorder, which still did not leave the physician without serious apprehensions for him, though not such as threatened immediate danger to his life.—On doctor Seward's proposing to him, to remove to the country for change of air, Belmour communicated to his friendly physician his intention of going abroad, the moment his strength would allow him to undertake a journey.—This the doctor highly approved, saying, that a few months of
the

the approaching winter spent in a better climate, would be of infinite service to his health; ‘and then,’ continued he, ‘in the spring you may visit your own beautiful castle, for I know not a more salubrious air, and as to the place it has ever appeared to me a perfect terrestrial paradise!—How my good old lord used to enjoy it!—Well, he surely deserved blessings by his own enjoyment of them, and by his desire to dispense them to all around him. I have heard him called proud—and *proud* he was; but his pride led him always to support, with real honour, the high station in which he was placed, and to treat all those subordinate to him with benevolence.—Had all our noblemen *such*

‘ *pride,*

‘ *pride*, the world would go better than
‘ it does with us !—But as I was say-
‘ ing, my lord, the winter months
‘ abroad, and the spring and summer
‘ at Belmour Castle—and I will answer
‘ for your health—but you must not
‘ travel alone.’

Belmour shook his head.—‘ Indeed,
‘ but I must travel alone,’ said he, ‘ I am
‘ unfit for society, and shall be long so.’
Seeing that the doctor was going to
argue the point with him, he stopped
him, saying, ‘ let us not, my good
‘ friend, dispute on that subject.—I
‘ thank you for your kind intentions,
‘ but I am determined, and for reasons
‘ I wish not to explain, I must also in-
‘ treat your secrecy.—Owing to your
‘ attentive

‘ attentive care, having judged it necessary, I have seen no creature, nor, I believe, has my illness been much known of, or even my being in town. I mean to take advantage of this circumstance, and set out quietly the very first moment I am able.—The procuring letters of credit from my banker, and some other necessary preparations, I shall intrust to your friendly care.’

Doctor Seward was a man of sense and penetration; from the determined manner, therefore, in which Belmour had spoken, and other circumstances which he had observed, during the course of his attendance on him, he judged it by no means adviseable, to attempt

attempt any further opposition to his intentions—Change of climate he had himself intended to propose, and as to the mode, although he had regretted Belmour's expressions on the subject, as he thought they proceeded from some temporary impulse, he paid less attention to them, and considered only what to him appeared most necessary for the immediate benefit of his health.

Belmour, aware of his situation, no longer attempted to combat feelings he could no longer wish to conquer, but endeavoured only to exert the powers of his mind, to oppose the more baneful effects of despondency.—He felt an
indif-

indifference, and even disgust for every thing, that had not an immediate reference to the object of his passion; and considered total change of scene, and variety of objects, as the only means, by which he might, in time, at least, hope to acquire that composure of mind, which belongs even to the unhappy, when not labouring under the pressure of self-reproach.—‘ The hope of being
‘ of use to my country has hitherto,
‘ from circumstances, been denied me,’
said he to himself, ‘ nor could I now
‘ attend to politics, were I united with
‘ the characters I most admire!—Bel-
‘ mour Castle, the delight of my early
‘ youth, is become insupportable to
‘ me!—too strongly is my mind now
‘ impressed

‘ impressed with the idea of all it might
‘ have been to me!—What then re-
‘ mains? or whither shall I go?—Oh!
‘ Harcourt!’ he mournfully ex-
claimed, ‘ my much valued friend,
‘ hadst thou been spared to me, I
‘ might now have flown for refuge
‘ from myself to thy protecting bosom,
‘ and have followed in the path of
‘ glory, where thy bravery would have
‘ led, or fallen honourably by thy
‘ side.’

From lady Caroline Belmour seldom heard; her letters, when she wrote, were short, and described her as much engaged and pleased in the society of a large party of English, which had met at Rome.—To this sort of society,
Belmour

Belmour found himself so perfectly unequal, that he gave up all thoughts for the present of joining his sister.—Of her health she herself always gave a better account, than was entirely confirmed by her physician, who, though he allowed all immediate danger to have been removed by change of climate, still considered her as in a very precarious state.

Belmour, who tenderly loved his sister, shed many tears over the letter, which he wrote to her on the eve of his departure; in which he told her, that, for reasons which hereafter, when they should, as he hoped, one day meet, he would intrust to her, he was now bidding farewell to England; and that it
was

was his intention to travel into Greece, a part of the world he had always much wished to visit.

And now having settled with doctor Seward about the very few correspondents, whose letters he would have sent after him to such places as he should name, and other business of the same sort, two months after his leaving Dean Abbey, Belmour, accompanied only by his servant Bertram, on whose fidelity he could rely, set out with an intention of immediately crossing France to Marseilles, and thence continuing his journey in whatever way opportunity or inclination might suggest. The better to avoid all chance of society being forced upon

VOL. II. N him,

him, he determined to conceal his name, and to take one less subject to remark—in short, to forget if possible himself, and remember only the dear object of his passion.

It was not now with him as when he had quitted England after his father's death, his mind occupied by that recent and melancholy event, and by the illness of his sister, who, in her then helpless state, from him, as her sole protector, seemed to claim every care, thought, and attention.—The uncertainty too and doubt, under which he had remained with respect to Emily, made it then seem to him folly and inexcusable weakness, not to endeavour to combat the passion, which her appearance had
excited

excited in his breast during their short acquaintance at Belmour castle.

Subsequent events had now afforded him more than sufficient reason, to justify the sentiments, with which she had from the first inspired him; and admiration of her character was superadded to that respect, esteem, and confidence, which can alone render attachment permanent.—He knew, too, that he was not indifferent to her, but that to preserve that interest so dear to him in her heart, he must, by the sacrifice on earth the most painful to himself, continue to deserve her good opinion, and by a melancholy and probably eternal separation, prevent the possibility of disturbing her peace of mind by his presence.—

presence.—Many circumstances of her history to the period of her marriage he had heard at different times from herself, in the course of that intimacy, in which they had now for some time lived together, first at Cheltenham, and then at Dean Abbey.—Her blameless life, indeed, left her little difficulty in its recital; for the early habits of virtue and reason, instilled into a mind by nature prone to every good, saved her from those errors, into which youth and inexperience are too often led by passion, by thoughtlessness, or by dissipation, and which fatally tend to imbitter their future days.—Emily's education had begun, it may be said, almost with her birth, and in the school of adversity; for when, after the death of
her

her unfortunate parents, she remained under the care and protection of doctor Stanmore, the playful hours of infancy were scarcely over, before she became of necessity acquainted with the cruelty of her own situation; a situation, which it required that strength of character, with which she was endowed by nature, aided by the sound precepts of philosophy, set before her by her kind monitor, to support with composure and resignation.

By birth entitled to affluence, and all the enjoyment fortune can bestow, she found herself an outcast from her family, owing even her subsistence to the benevolence of one in no way related to her.—Dr. Stanmore's affection

and tendernefs, indeed, fupplied, as far as it was poffible, the want of parents: yet ftill, as her heart expanded, Emily could not but feel the privation of thofe natural ties, which endear life to us—and often did ſhe envy the help-lefs infant of the poor beggar at her door, when ſhe ſaw it's little arms encircling the neck of it's mother, and preſſed tenderly to her boſom.—The melancholy fate too of her parents rendered them doubly intereſting to her—ſhe wiſhed ſhe had but even ſeen her father; and the recollection, however faint, of her mother, ſo early torn from her, was treaſured up in her boſom with inexprſſible tendernefs.—Theſe genuine feelings of the heart were never diſcouraged by doctor Stanmore,

Stanmore, whose eyes often filled with tears at the mention of her parents, and often would he look with rapture on Emily, when he saw her most affected by sensations so congenial with his own.—Well calculated, too, were the constant habits of charity and benevolence, in the exercise of which she was admitted to assist him, and the gratitude of his parishioners, expressed in terms little short of adoration, to excite and encourage every genial affection in her heart—and the hours dedicated to instruction and science, under the tuition of such a preceptor, were soon sought after and attended to by Emily, with as much eagerness as the gayest scenes of amusement and dissipation could have been. Yet doctor

Stanmore, whose sound judgment and sober sense guarded him against the enchantments of enthusiasm, into which the warmth of his heart, and energy of his taste and genius, might naturally have betrayed him, failed not to set before the eyes of his beloved pupil, the duties, the occupations, and the rational enjoyments of common life; endeavouring to make her sensible on what these enjoyments' really depended, and to divest prejudice and passion of their borrowed and dangerous ornaments.—

The growing beauties of her form, the natural elegance of her manners, together with her superiour understanding, seemed well to entitle her to the hope of contracting some marriage, that might place her in that rank of life, to which

by

by birth she had a right—yet this was an uncertainty; and the total want of fortune, the cruel neglect, and, indeed, treachery of her nearest relations, increased the chances against her.—Dr. Stanmore, therefore, made it the great object of his education, to render her mind equal to any situation, in which she might be placed, and to establish, upon an immutable basis, those principles of action, that love of truth, and confidence in Heaven, which place their possessor in some degree beyond the reach of fortune.

The vicinity of the village where he lived afforded little society but the occasional visits of a few country squires, their wives, and daughters; and the

neighbouring town, being neither gay nor opulent, boasted only of an annual ball and a monthly card assembly during the winter season, which were however occasionally attended by some considerable families in the neighbourhood.

To one of these balls, Emily, at doctor Stanmore's desire, who was ever anxious to promote her amusement, had gone, under the protection of a Mrs. Morton, a respectable lady of the neighbourhood, and an old acquaintance of doctor Stanmore's, who had solicited to accompany her thither.— Emily was then seventeen; and though she had only had a few occasional lessons of dancing, she had so well profited

profited by the instructions of her master, an itinerant Scotchman, so perfect was her ear, and so graceful her every motion, that as her light steps moved, it seemed in air, the admiration she excited was general; a murmur of applause ran through the room as she went down the dance, and from the spectators on each side, frequent and more audible expressions of surprise and approbation could not fail to be distinguished by her. The dance ended, she perceived a lady, whom she had before observed sitting negligently in a half-reclined posture, listening, as it seemed, with no great attention, to the discourse of two or three men, rise and come up to Mrs. Morton, who instantly advanced to meet her.—

Emily, who was going to her chaperon, stopped not to interrupt them, and the more particularly as she saw by their looks, that their conversation was about herself.—‘Come along, my dear,’ said Mrs. Morton, making Emily a sign to advance, ‘Mrs. Stainville desires me to introduce you to her, an office I certainly shall perform with peculiar pleasure,’ continued she, simpering with an air of satisfaction at the idea of the essential service she was rendering her young *protégée*.—Emily blushed, she felt a degree of timidity, which she had not before experienced.—The extreme elegance of Mrs. Stainville’s dress and appearance, so superiour to any thing she had yet seen, inspired her not only with admiration, but with
a species

a species of awe ; she wished to please, but felt an awkwardness, which she feared must wholly defeat her purpose. Mrs. Stainville by her manner, perfectly that of a well-bred woman of the world, soon relieved Emily from her embarrassment. — She inquired, with an expression of interest, after doctor Stanmore ; he had, she said, once done her the honour to be her guest—but it was long ago—she feared he had forgotten her—They were here interrupted by several gentlemen, who, coming up to Mrs. Stainville, said that a *cotillon* was to be formed, that there were two ladies ready, and two others only wanting.—Mrs. Stainville, with a negligent air of half refusal, said, that she had given up dancing, but that if miss

Melville

Melville would be one, she could not refuse.—Emily blushed, and felt mortified at being obliged to confess her inability, never having even seen *cotillons* danced.—‘ I don’t quite believe you,’ said Mrs. Stainville, ‘ but if you do not choose dancing, I shall also refuse, and we will go into the tea-room together.’—‘ That must not be,’ said a young officer, advancing and seizing Mrs. Stainville’s hand, who *suffered* herself to be led away, ‘ ’tis enough that we are deprived of *that lady*,’ casting an affected glance at Emily, ‘ *you*, madam, shall not escape us.’—A fourth lady shortly having joined them, the *cotillon* was began.—Mrs. Stainville, little more than *walked* the dance over, but with a graceful air of ease,

case, which left the bystanders in little doubt of her talents for dancing, were they exerted.—She then, coming up to Emily, complained of *extreme fatigue*, and intreated of her, to come and sit with her on a bench, where she might lean.—Mrs. Stainville's conversation was lively, intelligent, and agreeable, and her manner even fascinating, when she wished to please, which being now the case, Emily was enchanted with her.—Mrs. Stainville too, in addition to these advantages of manner, was not wanting in understanding; and having acquired a considerable degree of superficial knowledge on many subjects, and learned the precise and proper terms of praise, disapprobation, doubt, and enthusiastic admiration, not only on
works

works of art and literary productions, but even on philosophic disquisitions, she knew so well how to introduce her remarks, and keep back her ignorance, when it existed, that she seldom failed to give those, with whom she conversed, a high opinion of her character and abilities.—It was not therefore to be wondered at, if Emily, unknown of the world, was pleased and flattered by the marked attention, which she showed her, particularly as Mrs. Morton seemed highly to encourage this new acquaintance.—Supper being announced, Mrs. Stainville begged to be allowed being of Mrs. Morton's party, on which many mutual compliments having passed between them, they proceeded to-
gether

gether into the supper-room, followed by a train of men, who bustled about Mrs. Stainville's chair, and seemed to vie with each other in offers of service.

The supper over, minuets were proposed—Here again, poor Emily experienced a second mortification—she had never been taught a minuet!—‘Impossible!’ cried Mrs. Stainville, then turning to the next person near her, ‘was there ever a figure so formed for a minuet!’ said she, throwing her head back, and shrugging up her shoulders—‘O! Miss has time before her enough to learn!’ said a fat fresh-looking man, with a droll fly countenance, who stood near.—This remark

mark did not seem to be particularly relished by Mrs. Stainville, although so encouraging to her new friend.—She was herself, not without considerable solicitation, prevailed on to dance a minuet, which she did with ease and elegance, but declared, when she had finished, that *positively* that was the last time she ever would *expose* herself before so many people.—Country dances then again began, and Emily, pleased with the distinction shown her, danced with additional spirit.—Mrs. Stainville, when she saw Emily about to retire from the ball, and return home with Mrs. Morton, got up in haste from her seat, and coming up to them, renewed the many obliging things she had said to Emily, adding, that, ‘ as
‘ she

‘ she had her permission,’ she should no longer than the day following, delay waiting upon her at the parsonage.—

Emily was no sooner seated in the carriage with Mrs. Morton, whose house was about half a mile on the other side of the parsonage, and who was to convey her home, than she inquired of her, who Mrs. Stainville was.—‘ I never saw any thing so agreeable,’ said Emily, ‘ as she appears to be ; are you, madam, much acquainted with her ?’

—‘ O yes,’ replied Mrs. Morton, with a consequential toss of the head.—‘ I used frequently to go to their house, when her husband was alive.—Mr. Stainville often invited *poor* Mr. Morton and me. — Mr. Stainville kept an excellent table—nobody bet-

‘ ter

‘ ter served—and Mrs. Stainville is in-
‘ deed a most elegant woman—where
‘ she now lives in this county, is only a
‘ small farm left to her by her late
‘ husband—but she has a very con-
‘ siderable jointure—the family seat,
‘ where she resided with her husband,
‘ is a matter of ten miles off, and they
‘ lived there winter and summer for
‘ many years, and commonly had a
‘ house full of company.—They did
‘ not visit much about themselves, but
‘ our house, when *poor* Mr. Morton
‘ was living, was not a mile from them
‘ —the park reached quite to our gar-
‘ den, and I have often seen her out of
‘ my window, strolling about with a
‘ book in her hand—she is vastly fond
‘ of reading, and all those sort of things.

‘ —Mr.

‘ —Mr. Stainville though, I should tell
‘ you, was a Roman catholic, but it
‘ was in the marriage articles, that she
‘ was never to be disturbed in her re-
‘ ligion; and so she is a protestant.—
‘ Lord! I saw her when first she was
‘ married, and a sweet beautiful creature
‘ indeed she *was*—nay she *is* still a very
‘ fine woman, though, to be sure, not
‘ quite so young.’—‘ Her appearance
‘ and manner are uncommonly pleasing,’
said Emily, ‘ and to *me* she does not
‘ look above thirty?’—‘ O! more
‘ than that—more than that!’ said Mrs.
Morton, with a significant nod, ‘ but
‘ no matter—what signifies any body’s
‘ age, as I always say, why how one
‘ looks is every thing—*poor dear* Mr.
‘ Morton used always to be talking
‘ of

‘ of *age*—and I remember one day we
‘ were standing together, looking out
‘ of my window, when Mrs. Stainville
‘ happened to walk by in the park,
‘ leaning on the arm of a relation of
‘ Mr. Stainville’s, a *nabby*, I think;
‘ they called him, and my husband flew
‘ quite into a *puff*—“to see a woman
‘ (said he) that pretends to sense,
‘ dawdling about with a boy young
‘ enough to be her son!” “Lord, my
‘ dear, ! where’s the harm,” said I,
“ why, people are not the more wicked
‘ for being young, surely!”—“You’re all
‘ alike,” said he, swearing a great oath !
‘ for, to be sure, my poor dear hus-
‘ band was a little apt to be choleric !
‘ Well! Heaven rest his soul! I am
‘ sure, I regret him day and night.—

‘ I shall never see his like, after all !—
‘ Well, but my dear,’ continued she,
after passing her handkerchief, which
she took out of her pocket for the pur-
pose, across her eyes.—‘ I am sure,
‘ that doctor Stanmore will be quite
‘ pleased, that I have *brought* you ac-
‘ quainted with Mrs. Stainville, for,
‘ as I was saying, she is a most charm-
‘ ing woman, and nobody more re-
‘ spected.—For the latter years of his
‘ life, Mr. Stainville lived more alone,
‘ as his health declined, and had no
‘ company, but a relation or so, stay-
‘ ing with him—but Mrs. Stainville
‘ never left him !’

After a few more anecdotes in the
same style from Mrs. Morton, and re-
marks

marks *equally judicious*; the ladies found themselves at the door of the parsonage, where, after many expressions of thanks from Emily to her companion for any trouble she might have given, they parted,

Emily found doctor Stanmore quietly sitting over a Greek tragedy in his little library: he had, as it was his custom on such occasions, which indeed were very far from frequent, sitten up till she returned.—‘Are you not gone to bed, yet?’ said Emily, running up to him, and embracing him.—‘No, my child,’ replied he, ‘not till I have seen you safely returned—but come,’ continued he, smiling, ‘sit down by me, and tell me all you have

‘ have done, and all you have seen, for
‘ you look pleased.’ -- Emily then told
her little history with youthful warmth,
dwelling with peculiar eagerness on her
account of her new acquaintance. —

‘ I am glad thou hast been amused,’
said doctor Stanmore, ‘ young people
‘ should be so; and, indeed, could I pro-
‘ cure thee more amusements than thou
‘ hast, I would most willingly do it —
‘ for it is an invariable maxim with me,
‘ that to give what is called *the world*
‘ its just value, we should at some time
‘ of our life have known it; we are
‘ then less likely to sigh after its imagi-
‘ nary charms, or to consider its follies
‘ in too strong and too melancholy a
‘ light. — Mrs. Stainville I have heard
‘ always highly spoken of as a very su-

‘ perior woman, and, indeed, remember
‘ (as she mentioned to you) to have
‘ seen her at her husband’s, but it is
‘ long ago — to your acquaintance
‘ with such a woman as I imagine Mrs.
‘ Stainville to be, should she indeed
‘ wish to improve it, I can see no ob-
‘ jection.’—Emily’s countenance ex-
pressed the delight this account gave
her.—‘ Heaven bless thee!’ said doctor
Stanmore, with the kindest expression
of tenderness—‘ I love to see thee look
‘ gay—thou art often too much other-
‘ wise—but it is late; good night, my
‘ child, and all good angels guard
‘ thee!’

CHAP. XXIV.

MRS. Stainville's promised visit at the parsonage was, as it may be supposed, impatiently expected by Emily.—She rose even earlier than usual that day, decorated the flower-pots, which she constantly placed in profusion over every part of the house, with peculiar attention; her own dress, too, was more carefully attended to than usual, although, in this respect, little trouble was either necessary or possible; for the simple style of dress, which, as becoming her situation, she had adopted, while it spared both time and expense, seemed but to heighten the native beauty and dignity of her figure.—At

eleven, Emily was prepared to receive her visitor, but twelve, one, and even two o'clock, their usual hour of dinner at the parsonage, came, but no Mrs. Stainville.—This, as it seemed to Emily, accorded so ill with the flattering expression of impatience to see her again, in which Mrs. Stainville had been lavish, that she thought there must have been some mistake, and that some other day was intended for her visit.—

‘Fine ladies,’ said doctor Stanmore, smiling, ‘of which order I take Mrs. Stainville to be, never know hours — she will come by and by, I make no doubt.—In the mean time, we might as well have our dinner brought.’—The maid at the instant was actually, unbidden, bringing in the dinner, it being so much past the usual hour,

hour, when a carriage was heard driving up to the house; on which, setting down the dish she had in her hand on a table in the passage, she flew to open the door—Emily was there almost as soon—Mrs. Stainville, immediately perceiving her own blunder, put up both her hands to her face.—‘I am ashamed of myself,’ said she, ‘I know not how I could come so late—I waited for the carriage—I am always early—but I must insist on your going to dinner, and not minding me;—nay, if you would allow me to sit down with you, I can’t say how hungry I am—this is the only hour at which one ever *ought* to dine.’—Doctor Stanmore saying, ‘*she* certainly must command,’ led her into their parlour to a plain neat dinner.—From his

table profusion and luxury were indeed equally banished; but every real comfort was to be found at it, which moderation could desire.

Notwithstanding her *hunger*, Mrs. Stainville ate little—but she knew precisely the excuse, that was to be made for her want of appetite—threw all on the delicacy of her health—longed to eat more—then the comfort of the rooms—the freshness of the air! sweetness of the flowers!—every thing was *enchanting*!—in short, she was determined to be pleased, and *to please*; which latter determination no one knew better how to support, when she chose it, and *while* she chose it, than herself.—Formed for the world, Mrs. Stainville was all that *the world* required

quired a woman should be, to excite both admiration and interest — Her understanding was of sufficient depth for *the world*—her sentiments and feelings, such as might sympathize with those of others, without making too strong, or too lasting an impression on her own mind, ever materially to affect her happiness—her figure was tall, graceful, and well proportioned, and the natural expression of her countenance soft and pleasing, with somewhat of a languid cast; which, in order to render still more interesting, she sometimes, it must be confessed, heightened to a degree bordering on affectation. Her education had been rather strict than moral, as her father, a professed freethinker, preached the doctrine of plenary indulgence for all
trans-

transgressions, while attention to appearances was properly maintained, and no established form violated; which last he considered as merely intended to keep fools in awe, and allow wiser people to profit by.

Her mother, on the contrary, *meant* to be a warm advocate for real virtue, and true religion: but as she always made her *own* virtue, and her *own* religion, the standard and prototype, from which no possible deviation was to be admitted, and had herself a very limited understanding, it happened, unfortunately, that in all arguments, disquisitions, and disputes on these subjects with her husband, which were extremely frequent, she was constantly defeated.—He considered her, indeed,
much

much as a wig-maker does his block, a something on which he might display to advantage the proofs of his talents; and on all occasions, when he wished to shine, and set forth his favourite tenets, he would purposely excite the poor good soul to begin the unequal combat, in which she was certain to be foiled, and generally left the room in a flood of tears, while he, with a cold sarcastic laugh, strutted about triumphant.— Mrs. Stainville was their only child, and the darling of her father, who spared neither trouble nor expense in her education; his particular care and pride being to render her just what *he thought* a woman should be, the very reverse of her mother, whom he had married in early youth, at a moment
of

of passion, and despised ever after as a fool.—Nothing, therefore, ever gave him greater satisfaction, than the offer of Mr. Stainville's hand for his daughter; who, being a roman catholick, and otherwise, in reality, an unexceptionable match, afforded him an opportunity of plaguing his wife, humbling what he called her absurd bigotry, showing his own superiour power, and indulging in what he considered as a proof of his liberal and unprejudiced opinions.—Mrs. Stainville had profited, as may be supposed, by the education she had received, and through life conveniently suited the doctrines of her father (to whom she had always looked up with a species of veneration) to her own taste and purposes.

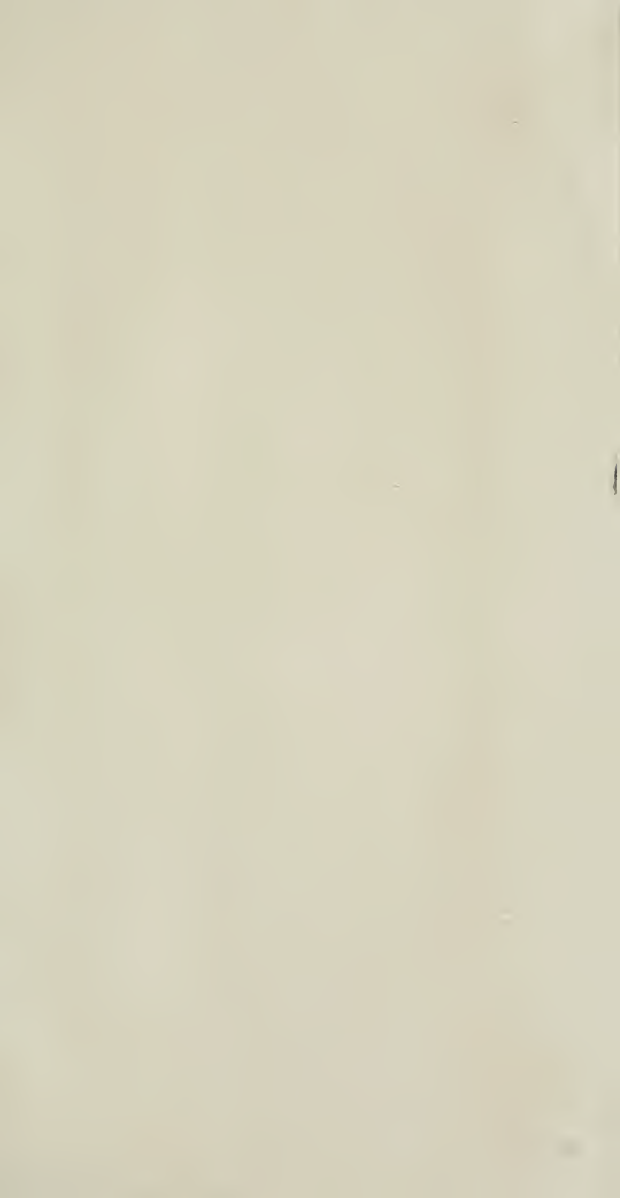
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The dinner being over at doctor Stanmore's, Mrs. Stainville expressed much impatience to see the garden; it looked, she said, 'so charming, the shrubs flourished with such peculiar luxuriance!'—'To the vicinity of the sea,' said doctor Stanmore, 'and Emily's care, its chief merits are owing—your walk will not fatigue you.'—Saying this, they all then proceeded into the little garden, where, throwing herself negligently on a bench overshadowed by the thick branches of a lime, then in full blossom, Mrs. Stainville, having requested of Emily and doctor Stanmore to sit by her, descanted, with no small degree of eloquence, on the charms of quiet and retirement.—She then suddenly recollected, that she had appointed a friend of her's to call
upon

upon her that morning, ‘and it is now
‘above an hour past the time,’ said she,
taking out her watch, ‘there is no help
‘for these things—she will wait, and I
‘must, with your permission,’ turning to
Emily, ‘settle some time for my seeing
‘you again.’—Emily looked towards
doctor Stanmore, whose countenance ex-
pressed only signs of approbation.—Va-
rious plans were then alternately started
and rejected by Mrs. Stainville; at last it
was agreed, that she should come in her
carriage the second day following, and
take Emily home with her, to pass the
day.—Thus began an intimacy, which, in
its consequences, materially influenced
the future tenour of Emily’s life.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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